The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889.

The Week.

ONE year ago (July 1, 1888), according to figures presented in the last *Financial Chronicle*, the Government's deposits in national banks were $59,979,046. On the 1st of July, 1889, they were $47,432,377, a reduction of about $12,000,000. But the reduction of the total cash in the Treasury in the same time has been $52,808,742. That is to say, the Secretary of the Treasury could, if he had been disposed to do so, have drawn out every dollar of the money deposited with the banks, in the course of ordinary disbursements. But he has drawn out rather less from this particular part of his resources than from his Sub-Treasury funds. The public have not forgotten Mr. Blaine's terrible arraignment of Secretary Fairchild for "lending the money of the Government to the banks," in his speeches at Detroit, New Albany, and other places last year, ably seconded by President Harrison in his letter of acceptance. Mr. Blaine said at Detroit that Secretary Fairchild was liable to impeachment, or that if any Republican Secretary of the Treasury had thus loaned the public money to the banks, and the Democrats had been in power, they would have impeached him. Mr. Fairchild made a reply a few days later in which, after showing that it was necessary to keep the money in business channels in order to prevent a financial crisis, and that the law expressly authorized him to make such deposits in the banks, he said that if he had known that he was liable to impeachment in case Mr. Blaine were imperfectly acquainted with the law, he would never have accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury. The campaign of misrepresentation went on to the end of the chapter. Mr. Harrison's share in it was attributable to ignorance only. "The surplus now in the Treasury," he said, "should be used in the purchase of bonds. The law authorizes this use of it, and, if it is not now needed for current or deficiency appropriations, the people, and not the banks in which it has been deposited, should have the advantage of its use by stopping interest on the public debt." Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine have been in office since the 4th of March. The surplus then in the Treasury is still there, except $12,000,000. They have had ample time and ample facilities to remove it. The money market has been easy. Why have they not done what they said ought to have been done? And do they think that Secretary Windom ought to be impeached as soon as Congress assembles?

The *Financial Chronicle* has an article on "Foreign Exchange and Recent Gold Shipments," in which the causes leading to the recent movement of gold to Europe are carefully examined, and shown to be such as could hardly be counteracted by any step on the part of the Government; and that any arbitrary action of the Treasury, such as charging a premium for gold, would correspondingly depress the prices of exportable merchandise, including silver, because, if we are in debt to foreigners, we must pay them with something. If we refuse to pay the balance in gold, we must send them something else, and that must be something they are willing to take, and at the prices they are willing to pay. The fact that gold is called for is proof positive that they are not willing to pay our present prices for goods. It follows that if we do not repudiate our debts, we must, at certain times, export gold or lower the price of our goods. Therefore, any artificial means of preventing the outflow of gold would be robbing Peter without paying Paul. One interest would suffer, namely, all holders and producers of goods which depend in whole or in part upon foreign markets. Would any other interest be the gainer? Certainly not. It is not anybody's interest that we should retain gold if some other country offers a higher price for it than we ourselves estimate it to be worth, and it is only on such conditions that it can be exported.

If an attempt to check the exportation of gold by governmental action should be made, we may probably count on the silver-men to oppose it vigorously, since it would be a manifest discrimination against the white metal, and an aristocratic proceeding altogether. It would be an acknowledgment that gold was better than silver, for, if it were not better, why should we adopt special means to retain it? Why should we take measures to keep one metal and not the other? Can we imagine a more deliberate insult to silver? In the whole category of wrongs and oppressions put upon silver by modern governments, nothing more wantonly abusive and degrading can be conceived than a public proclamation that gold is more precious than silver, and that its exportation ought to be prevented by law. Such a proclamation would be doubly humiliating when made by the United States, and would go far to encourage the enemies of silver in other countries to continue their dastardly assaults on that metal. We look to Senator Stewart especially to resent any such indignity to silver, and we have no doubt that he will be warmly seconded by Mr. Beck and Mr. Bland. Meanwhile the cause of the exportation of gold is made clear by the *Chronicle*, viz., an adverse balance of trade of $33,000,000 for the past six months, plus the spendings of 100,000 Americans now sojourning in Europe, plus the freight money on our foreign trade. It is estimated, by a banker consulted by the *Chronicle*, that the average expenses of these travelling Americans are at least $1,000 each. This is certainly low enough.

The sudden and disastrous fall in Lead-Trust certificates on the Stock Exchange on Friday was due to the discovery that the amount of certificates outstanding was very much larger than "the Street" had any idea of. This is one of the dangers attending speculation in these hybrid securities that were pointed out by the newspapers in the beginning, and, of course, every banker and broker understood it. But the so-called "investing public," meaning thereby a lot of people all over the country who think they can dash into Wall Street, pocket some money, and then dash out again, never understood this fact, or paid no attention to it. The risk is just as great now as it was before the discovery about the Lead Trust was made, and it attaches to all the Trusts alike; for although they are required by the rules of the Stock Exchange to register with some bank or some properly incorporated trust company the number of shares "listed"—that is, the number that shall be "good delivery" on the Exchange—they may issue as many more as they see fit for private delivery, and they may issue them on such terms as they choose. Regularly incorporated companies cannot do this. They can only issue such number of shares as the law allows; and when they do issue such shares, they must report the fact to some public officer, while overissues are punishable by imprisonment. Even with these safeguards, the speculating public "get caught" sometimes by not acquainting themselves with the laws and the records that are open to them. But in the case of the Trusts they are quite helpless, since neither laws nor records afford any protection. If people choose to gamble where all the chances are in favor of the dealer, and take the risk of his being a rogue, there is not at present any law against such folly.

The strike, or lock-out, at the Homestead works of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. has been settled by what is called a compromise. If the terms are correctly reported, viz., a reduction of 20 per cent. in the wages of skilled labor, it is a complete victory of the firm and an unqualified defeat of the Amalgamated Association, since a 20 per cent. reduction in this class of labor is exactly what the firm insisted on in the beginning. The point in controversy, as we gather from the iron-trade journals, was not that Carnegie, Phipps & Co. could not pay the Association's scale of wages and still make a living profit, but that the workmen were making too much money, considering the rates of wages paid in other places and trades. If this is the real key to the controversy, it proves conclusively that the tariff is not maintained for the workingman particularly, as we have been so often told, since in a crucial test the workingman has to give way. The Amalgamated Association has worked up to the theory that what the tariff gives is intended for them, and has pursued it so steadily that wages in some departments of the structural iron trade have been forced up to eight or ten dollars per day. Now Messrs. Carnegie, Phipps & Co. say, not that they

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cannot afford to pay so much, but that it is not a fair deal. They establish a 20 per cent. reduction, lock out their hands, and beat them inside of forty-eight hours. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent them from knocking off 20 per cent. more after the present "compromise" comes to an end.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt made some incisive and happy remarks on iron and the iron trade at a meeting of the British Iron Trade Association on the 7th of May, which are printed in the pamphlet proceedings of that body. What he said about the cost of making iron in some parts of the South will be read with surprise by many, and his contemptuous allusion to the doctrine of protection will no doubt be "viewed with alarm," as coming from one of the most experienced iron-manufacturers in the United States. He said:

"In Carolina there were vast bodies of magnetites, and if not very near to the coal at present, railways were in course of construction which would bring them within sixty miles of the best coal in the world. *He had made a calculation, and believed that coal and iron could be brought together to make pig-iron for Bessemer steel at not exceeding 40s. a ton.* He knew that this might astonish his hearers, particularly in view of the fact that the American mining industry was dependent upon a duty; but they were slow to learn in the United States, and they honestly believed that they needed this protection, *and it would go on until they had fried long enough in their own fat to learn to find some other outlet in the markets of the world.* There was a vast deposit of ore, commencing in Tennessee and thickening until, in Alabama, where a great physical eruption must have taken place at one time, a mountain was covered with a 50 per cent. ore, which was as a rule in admirable condition to be put into the furnace. It was not low enough in phosphorus for the acid Bessemer, but could be used for the basic process. The coal and the ore were only five miles apart, and about five shillings would deliver at the furnace the materials for a ton of iron. Of course this was a combination which, as far as he knew, did not exist anywhere else in the world, and he supposed he might assume that the only drawback at all would be in the higher rate of wages; *but there was the vast body of negro labor quite available, and he doubted whether the per-diem wage was so much as in England.*"

Forty shillings are equal to $9.74. At the present time the price of pig in Glasgow is 43s., and in the Middlesborough District 39s., per ton.

The Home-Market Club of Boston having got rid of its Secretary, Mr. Radclyffe, who was so diligent last year in circulating the forged quotations from English newspapers, that person has unbosomed himself as to the origin and mode of circulation of said forgeries. Mr. Radclyffe was accused at one time of having originated them. In order to repel this charge he makes his present statement. He says that he happened to be in New York in July, 1888, attending a meeting of the National Republican Committee, and there he saw for the first time a "flag document." On his way homeward from the Committee rooms he saw a boy selling *Tribune* extras containing the flag document having the forged extract from the London *Times*: "The only time England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade." It struck him that this would be a very telling document, and he prepared it for circulation by the Home-Market Club and sent it out, and kept sending it out until he saw a telegram in the Boston *Post* saying that the *St. James's Gazette* of London had published an article denying the authenticity of the quotation from the London *Times*. He seems to have doubted whether there was any such paper as the *St. James's Gazette*—which does not speak well for his intelligence, seeing that he is himself an English importation. He waited till the *St. James's Gazette* arrived in Boston with the article as reported. Then, finding that there was such a paper and such an article, he stopped the circulation of the forgery.

Our own recollection is of facts of a somewhat different character, namely, that the Massachusetts Tariff-Reform League and others in Boston made strenuous protests against the circulation of this particular forgery by the Home-Market Club, without avail, and finally made a personal appeal to Mr. Joseph H. Walker of Worcester, in his religious character, that he should either stop the circulation of this forgery or withdraw from his position as one of the directors of the Home-Market Club, and that Mr. Walker replied that such request was reasonable and would be complied with so far as he was concerned, and that thereupon the circulation of this particular forged quotation by the Home-Market Club was discontinued. But it was never discontinued at New York. The only person who made any pretence of discontinuing was Mr. H. K. Thurber, who dropped the words "London *Times*" and substituted "an English paper" in place thereof.

The *Civil-Service Record* publishes a correspondence with Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, on the subject of the application of the civil-service rules to the appointments in the Census Bureau. It had been previously announced that Mr. Porter, or somebody, had persuaded President Harrison that "pass examinations" would answer the purpose of getting suitable appointments for the census work. In a letter of June 24, published by the *Record*, Mr. Porter advances the idea that the law organizing the Census Bureau interposes an obstacle to competitive examinations by providing that "all examinations for appointment and promotion shall be in the discretion and under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior." This provision of law seems to relieve the President of the responsibility and to put it on the Secretary of the Interior. Of course, it is as easy for the Secretary to say that the examinations shall be competitive as that they shall be pass examinations merely, and it is as easy for him to say that they shall be conducted under the rules of the Civil-Service Commission as under rules to be established by the Superintendent of the Census. Here is a pretty good test of the fibre of Secretary Noble. The *Times's* Washington despatches say that the decision has been reached to select the appointees on the old spoils system of pass examinations, in total disregard of the Chicago platform and of President Harrison's letter of acceptance.

We notice that the Republican press is gradually awakening to the dangers of nepotism. When the President began to appoint his family relations to office, there was a disposition on the part of Republican editors to make light of it as being of little consequence; and even when we called attention to the fact that members of his Administration were beginning to follow his example, they were inclined to the opinion that it was the usual Mugwump effort to make a good deal out of a very small matter. The more recent developments of the practice have produced a decided change of tone, and it is now a common thing to find protests against further indulgence, at least on the part of subordinates. The action of the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs in making his wife his secretary at $1,000 a year, and of the Superintendent of Indian Schools in securing for his wife as his secretary compensation at six dollars a day, appear to have been more than the Republican editors could endure in silence. But why were these cases worse than the President's appointment of a half-dozen or more of his family relations to office? Why were they worse than Secretary Blaine's selection of his son for an important subordinate position in his Department, and of his private secretary for a lucrative office abroad? Why were they worse than Commissioner Tanner's selection of his daughter for private secretary, or than Mr. Halford's conduct in rewarding a railway porter, who had been of service to his wife, with a position in the Treasury Department? All these acts have the same character. In every instance the public service is used as if it were private property.

The President is now reaping the fruits of his folly in appointing a blatherskite Grand Army politician to the responsible position of Commissioner of Pensions. Tanner's performances in the matter of rerating pensions have been so reckless that the Administration has been forced to call a halt for fear that the Government may be bankrupted. The fellow has actually had the impudence to mark up the rate of a pension as much as he chooses—say, for example, from $10 to $30 a month—and then pay the pensioner the extra $20 a month for the whole period that he has been on the rolls—25 years, perhaps, which would make $6,000 of arrears. To cap the climax, he began this sort of business in the case of Gen. Manderson, a rich man who draws a $5,000 salary as Senator from Nebraska. Of course the Government is bound in equity to treat as generously the tens of thousands of poor devils on the pension-rolls, and, long before Tanner should get around, the surplus would be exhausted and new taxes would be required. The Administration is now trying to get itself out of this box. The President deserves no sympathy, for he was warned, by people who knew all about Tanner, how preposterously unfit he was for the place, and he made him Commissioner with full knowledge of his character and record.

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The Washington correspondent of the Columbus (Ohio) *Journal* states that Congressman Taylor's assault upon the Civil-Service Law "has led to a general opening up of the question which bids fair to lead to a modification of the law, at least," and that "it is not at all improbable that the next Congress may make some radical changes in the law." The correspondent says: "The real statesmen of both parties evince a disposition to rise above its petty provisions and put something practical in its place." At the same time, he admits the melancholy fact that "there is an element in both parties that is disposed to *pander* to the much over-estimated idea of public sentiment in favor of the present law, and through fear they will refuse to vote to change it." What a happy land this would be for "real statesmen" if nobody ever felt compelled to "pander" a little to the moral sense of the community!

The testimony and speeches collected by Senator Cullom's Committee at Boston have shown that the New England States are very firmly opposed to any legislation or Treasury regulations which shall have the effect to restrict the traffic of the Canadian lines entering their territory. Last year the case was somewhat different. The fishery imbroglio and the Presidential election were pending, and, accordingly, Senator Frye of Maine was in a state of high wrath on the subject of retaliation upon Canada for her various misdoings, including her refusal to allow our fish to be transshipped in bond through her territory. It appears now that the State of Maine and the city of Portland in particular are the most resolute of all in insisting that no such retaliation shall be thought of. But in this frame of mind they are not very different from Boston. Indeed, New England has apparently forgotten that there is any fishery question, or any such place as Gloucester. If her views could govern, there would be no change in the Commerce Act, and no refusal of the bonding privilege to the Canadian Pacific Railway's extension across our northeast territory. This would be a very happy ending of the dispute if we had to deal merely with the fishery question, the Irish question, and the feelings stirred up by the Presidential campaign. But there is one thing more to be considered, and that is whether we can allow the Canadian roads, not equality merely with our own roads, but an advantage over them in this, that the former are not subject to the long-and-short-haul clause of the Commerce Act, while the latter are. The Canadian roads can take through-traffic at as low rates as they choose, and recoup themselves by higher rates on their local traffic. The Portland *Press* thinks that, although this policy is open to them, they will not adopt it, because such a course would create a public sentiment in the Dominion that "would demand and compel some regulations to put an end to the practice." This is a trifle hazy, regarded as a condition for regulating the railway traffic of several millions of people. The most probable course of the Canadian railways would be to take whatever steps would bring them the most money, and then wait and see what the effect upon public sentiment would be. It is not within our experience that railways run very far ahead of public sentiment to the detriment of their own interests.

The Inter-State Association at Chicago a few days ago by unanimous vote passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the lines interested in the St. Paul and Minneapolis traffic be requested at once to open negotiations through the northwestern division of the Western Freight Association with their Eastern connections, with a view to make such joint tariffs and rates between all points reached by the Canadian routes and lake routes as shall meet any and all rates made by said Canadian and lake routes. That, in the opinion of this Committee, by reason of lake and Canadian competition, a dissimilarity of circumstances and conditions exists which justifies the meeting of said lake and Canadian competition, regardless of intermediate rates."

The *Railway Review* explains this resolution by saying that, under the construction of the law given by the Commission, the American railway lines have the right to meet the lake and Canadian rates without reducing their intermediate rates, and they propose to do so, believing, nevertheless, that the rates so made to St. Paul and Minneapolis are not properly adjusted, and hoping that the result of this action will be to place them eventually upon a proper relation with Chicago rates. This is certainly a reasonable construction, and if it is not the law now, it ought to be made such. Aside from this, we do not see what the Senate Committee have to do, unless they are preparing to apply the principle of "protection to American industry" to railway transportation. On grounds of an equitable division of plunder this would be fair, but to those who wish to stop plundering altogether every extension of the system is offensive and repugnant. The statement so often made, that the Canadian Pacific Road is competing unfairly with us by reason of a Government subsidy, ignores our subsidies to the Pacific railroads, which, counting bonds and lands together, are probably greater than those of the Canadian line, although ours were divided among several companies, instead of being concentrated on one.

The flurry over the temporary enforcement of the Prohibitory Law in Bangor has provoked an interesting controversy as to whether the city of Boutelle's residence or the home of Neal Dow is "the drunkenest city on the continent." The Portland *Advertiser* the other day applied the title to Bangor. The Bangor *Commercial* insists that Portland is over-modest, and is itself entitled to that preëminence, quoting in evidence the following article which appeared in the *Advertiser* on the day after the Fourth of July two years ago:

"There was more drunkenness in Portland yesterday than on any holiday for years. Notwithstanding the fact that the sheriffs and police made large seizures on Saturday night and Sunday, enough liquor was on sale yesterday to make several hundred men drunk. In some parts of the city the scenes were disgraceful. Drunken men were laid up on the sidewalks and door-steps in all directions. In Deering's Oaks many of the benches were occupied by sleeping sots. Around the Custom-house it is estimated that fifty men were seen drunk during the night and day. It was even worse about Gorham's corner and the adjacent parts of the city. The police made arrests until the station was full and could accommodate no more. Forty drunkards were locked up at one time. This morning forty-one cases were before the Court and many were discharged without being brought up."

With such revelations as to the workings of prohibition in Maine, the rest of the country will be more than ever rejoiced at the rejection of that policy by other States.

It is evidently the purpose of Dr. McDow to do all he can to make the people of Charleston regret the betrayal of justice by which he escaped the gallows for murdering Capt. Dawson. The widow of the murdered man has been obliged to request police protection for her governess against attempts on the Doctor's part to renew relations with her, and there are other reports of fresh scandals about him, all showing him to be as shameless as he is infamous. He evidently regards his acquittal, and the congratulations which he has received because of it, as a vindication of his character, and is starting out in search of fresh honors in the same field. His conduct has prompted the *News and Courier*, the paper of which Capt. Dawson was the editor, to break silence in regard to his trial, and to say, with no attempt to conceal the force of its words, that the trial was a farce, that the jury was "fixed," and that its verdict was given without regard to the character of the evidence. It says:

"We doubt that, under the circumstances, the result would have been different if in his confession Dr. McDow had admitted he shot his victim in the back as he was leaving the office. In view of the result of the trial, the defendant's attorneys might have saved the State the unutterable shame of this judicial travesty, had they moved to quash the indictment for murder upon the ground that there was no statute of South Carolina providing that the killing of F. W. Dawson was a punishable offence."

The *World's* defence of its course in regard to the recent prize-fight is one of the frankest confessions that we have seen in a long time. It says it is "doubtless true" that, by giving so much publicity to the fighters in advance of the combat, the newspapers "helped to create public interest" in it; that a "genuine newspaper does not arrogate to itself the right to dictate to the public how it shall read its news or what particular news it shall luxuriate in"; and that criticisms of such "genuine newspapers" comes from that portion of the press which "makes the inculcation of morals paramount to news." This, to parody Artemus Ward's famous definition of his principles, means: "Morals? Nary a moral! We are in the genuine newspaper business!" This being the case, why preach morality at all? Why pretend that you are opposed to prize-fights or anything else that is degrading? News being paramount to morals, and the highest aim of the genuine journalist being to sell his paper, the worse the quality of the news and the greater its quantity, the better for your business.

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THE GENTLEMAN CRIMINAL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Governors' reports on pardons, which we have heretofore quoted from in relation to the treatment of negroes accused of crime in South Carolina, incidentally throw light on the attitude of society in that State towards white men who have had the regrettable misfortune to lose their tempers before the commission of crime. This element, which in its most aggravated form has occasionally, in other parts of the country, been called emotional insanity in the courts, seems in South Carolina to be tacitly recognized, even in its mildest forms, as a sufficient excuse for any crime involving personal violence. The whole matter has been most neatly put by a United States Collector of Internal Revenue in interceding with the Governor for the pardon of a white woman, by the name of Clardy, who was convicted of an assault and battery with intent to kill, in January, 1887. He writes: "The difficulty which terminated in the conviction of this unfortunate woman is the result of one of those unfortunate family and neighborhood feuds in which prejudices exceed the bounds of reason, fairness, and judgment." This reasoning had its weight with the Governor, and a pardon was granted. We are quite ready to believe that even the friends of the late Capt. Dawson will admit that the unfortunate difficulty which ended with his being shot in the back, was one in which the prejudices of Dr. McDow exceeded the bounds of reason, fairness, and judgment

It was in March of the same year that Mr. Hayden, of Oconee County, was charged with "drawing a gun and threatening to shoot" a fellow-citizen while on a drunken spree. The gun seems to have been got away from him before any serious damage was done, and the jury, willing to express their disapproval of such a proceeding, found a verdict of guilty. To their horror, the judge imposed a sentence of one year in the penitentiary, and the foreman of the jury promptly writes to the Governor that "there was much hesitation in the jury in finding any verdict of guilty at all in this case. They regarded the matter as a mere technical breach of the peace, and would have rendered a verdict of not guilty if they had had any idea that the punishment would be more than a slight fine." The prosecutor, the county officers, a Senator, and some of the best citizens urge the pardon, which the Governor grants.

William Aiken Owens, supposing that his father was in imminent danger of bodily injury when unequal to the combat, committed an "assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature." The Governor was impressed with the reason urged by a judge, a State Senator, and many of the best citizens, that "the prisoner is of such a character that the fact of conviction and punishment is more in such a case than the extent of the punishment"—five months in jail—and granted the pardon. Such finely organized and sensitive natures are common in the South, and apparently the fear of a shock to such a nature deters many a jury from doing its plain duty on the evidence.

In still another case, of a white man convicted of manslaughter, the prosecuting attorney writes the Governor that the defendant had great though not legal provocation, and, in view of the fact that he so earnestly protested his innocence, feels constrained to recommend his pardon. The brevity of the report of the case fails to satisfy our curiosity as to what it was he protested his innocence of; but, as the twelve jurymen unite in the recommendation, he was probably innocent of something—of any legal provocation for the act, most likely.

In this state of public sentiment, we can admire the manliness of Mr. J. D. Whittle, who promptly pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery which was committed in a sort of cock-and-hen state of mind, after being insulted in the presence of his wife. Some of the best citizens of Barnwell County certify that, in resenting the insult, the defendant did only what any man of self-respect would have done under the circumstances, and the Governor remitted the small fine.

These reports are not without their encouraging features, and we are glad to read such a case as that of B. C. Pawley, who was fined $400 for aggravated assault and battery and carrying concealed weapons. The judge who tried the case reports that "in this case a highly respectable and Christian citizen appealed to the law to redress an aggravated assault upon him. I felt bound not only to punish the offence sufficiently, but also to discourage all others from taking private satisfaction," and he therefore imposed an additional punishment as a satisfaction to the feelings of the party assaulted. The defendant was without means, and his wife, a young lady of most estimable character and in delicate health, sold her clothing and all she possessed, but was unable to raise more than half the amount of the fine. The prosecuting attorney does not regard the punishment as excessive, although he sympathizes with the wife, and in so far as her situation affects the matter, to that extent only he joins in the petition. The assaulted party notified the judge that he was fully satisfied, and on their recommendation the fine was reduced to $200. It is to be noticed that the judge lays some slight emphasis on the fact that the party appealing to the law in this case is a Christian citizen, and there is in this reference a possible doubt suggested as to the Christianity of a people who appeal so little to the law in the settlement of private differences.

Woe, however, to the white man who commits an offence that does not come within the class of gentlemanly crimes. Samuel Dixon was sentenced in 1877 to thirty years' imprisonment for arson. He was charged with being one of a gang of white and colored men, three of whom were sentenced to prison for life, and the rest for terms of years. Nine years after, when the prison surgeon reports that the prisoner has not much longer to live, the prosecuting attorney who tried the case, and the owner of the house burned, represent that the evidence at the trial showed that Dixon was not present at the burning at all, as, although he had agreed to go, his heart failed him and he stayed at home. The solicitor thinks he has suffered long enough for his guilty knowledge, and the Governor grants the pardon.

A SOUTHERN MORAL FROM BANGOR.

THE State of Maine, for a period equal to the life-time of a generation, has had upon its statute-book a law which forbids the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. Five years ago, by a vote of 70,783 to 23,811, an amendment to the Constitution was adopted which embedded this prohibition in the fundamental law of the State. For more than thirty years, therefore, the existence of liquor-saloons in any town or city of Maine has been forbidden by the authority of the statutes, and for five years past by the added weight of the State Constitution itself.

Bangor is the third city in Maine, with a population of 16,856, according to the last census. It is the home of Charles A. Boutelle, a Republican member of Congress, an ardent advocate of prohibition, and the editor of the Bangor *Whig and Courier*. In view of the speeches of Boutelle in other States in praise of a prohibitory law and in censure of the nullification of law, the public would have had every reason to suppose that in Bangor, if anywhere, the law and the Constitution of the State of Maine must have been strictly observed.

During the past week, however, Boutelle has made the astounding confession, in the editorial columns of the *Whig and Courier*, that during all these years the law and the Constitution of his State have been openly violated in the city of his residence; that there has been a large number of liquor-saloons in open operation; that the city has been "under the rule of the saloons"; in short, that the law has been a complete nullity. The exposure of this astounding fact was provoked by a strike of lumbermen which broke out a fortnight ago. As is the rule under similar circumstances in States which license saloons, the authorities of Bangor notified the rum-sellers to close their saloons during the continuance of the strike. The saloons accordingly were closed for a few days, when, the exigency which provoked the order having passed, to use Boutelle's words in the *Whig and Courier*, "the rum-shops of this city resumed their devastating work in our midst," and "the drunkard-mills of the city are again running on full time, and grinding out their sickening grist of inebriates." The effort to arouse public sentiment against a reopening of the saloons thus involved the confession that they had been allowed free swing during all the years up to the time of the temporary closing. The truth of this confession does not depend upon the mere word of the editor. He has published letters from prominent clergymen confirming it. The Rev. F. C. Rogers says that "the sale of intoxicants here has been unrestrained," and the Rev. George D. Lindsay writes that "Bangor has acquired an unenviable notoriety because of

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the liberty allowed to those who traffic in the degradation and ruin of their fellow-beings."

It may therefore be accepted as established beyond cavil that in one of the chief cities of Maine the Maine law has always been defied. What has been the reason? Boutelle gives it clearly in the *Whig and Courier*. It has been simply because the public sentiment of the city would not sustain the enforcement of the law of the State. It is still uncertain whether that public sentiment will sustain the enforcement of the law in the future. Boutelle appears to be hopeful that it may be aroused to a pitch which will put an end to the nullification that has already been resumed. On Thursday last he said in an editorial article, that "nothing is needed but a public sentiment in support of the laws to secure their successful enforcement," and added: "That public sentiment is hourly growing in volume and power, and, when it asserts itself in our goodly city, the rule of The Saloons will be ended, and the permanent reign of The Laws will begin!" On Friday, however, he was constrained to admit that there was again "Rum-Rule in Bangor," and that "the tide of intoxication is again flowing unchecked through our streets." On Saturday he virtually confessed that the enforcement of the law could not be hoped for until some time in the indefinite future, closing a leading article thus: "The saloons may exult in their fancied strength, but the power of public opinion is mightier than they, and it will find voice through the pulpit, the press, and the home, *until the laws for the protection of society shall be recognized and obeyed.*"

The fundamental principle of democratic government, that the enforcement of any law depends upon a public sentiment which sustains the law, has never been more strikingly illustrated in this country. There is a moral to be drawn from this Bangor incident which should open the eyes of Northern Republicans as regards what is called "the Southern problem." It is complained with reason that the laws which were intended to secure the negroes equal rights with whites, and to secure fair elections, are as openly and flagrantly violated in some parts of the South as the prohibitory law of Maine has always been in Bangor. Northern Republicans say that the Federal Government must "do something" to put a stop to this nullification, and various schemes for legislation by Congress are suggested. People talk as though it were in the power of a Republican Congress and President to take some action which would summarily stop all this law-breaking. The country is indebted to Boutelle for a conclusive demonstration that all talk of this sort is absurd. There has been no lack of law in Bangor to close the saloons. The Prohibitionists have had not only the law, but also the Constitution of the State on their side. What has been lacking has been a public sentiment which sustained the law and the Constitution; and, as Boutelle has pointed out, the law and the Constitution of his State will never be enforced in the city of his residence until such a public sentiment has been created.

The situation is precisely the same at the South. Federal laws and the Federal Constitution are violated in some parts of that section. How is this violation to be stopped? Boutelle has pointed out the way. Not by the howls of partisans in Maine or at Washington; they would have no more effect in Mississippi than the howls of partisans in Mississippi would have to stop the violation of the law in Bangor. Not by the passage of fresh laws; fresh amendments to the Maine law have been passed by every Legislature for a score of years without closing a single saloon in Bangor. There is but one cure for the evil—in Bangor or in the South—and Boutelle has discovered it. It is to arouse "the power of public opinion," in the locality where the law is broken—in Bangor a public opinion against liquor-saloons, in the South a public opinion against abuse of the negroes and frauds in elections. This must be the work of the people of the locality. Mr. Butterworth, Republican Congressman from Cincinnati, was right when he said the other day that "the South will have to work out its own salvation"—just as the people of Bangor will have to work out theirs. Happily, there are signs of progress. A grand jury in Nashville, largely composed of Democrats, has just indicted a number of men for election frauds which enured to the benefit of the Democratic party. Possibly the Federal laws and Constitution may be enforced in the South before the Maine laws and Constitution are enforced in Bangor.

"CONSPICUOUS INSTANCES" OF REFORM.

A FEW weeks ago the Boston *Journal* was asked by its namesake in Providence to name "one conspicuous instance" in which President Harrison had observed the spirit and purpose of civil-service reform. "Well, we have two close at hand," it replied, "in the retention of Postmaster Corse and Collector Saltonstall." The retention by a President of representatives of the opposite party in important offices was thus pronounced by a prominent Republican organ the best possible proof of his fidelity to the spirit and purpose of civil-service reform.

About the same time with this discussion between the *Journals* of Boston and Providence, the *Journal* of Lewiston, Me., edited by Congressman Dingley, published an editorial article on the subject of civil-service reform, which said, among other things: "And, by the way, one great advance which is being made under Harrison is this—under the present Administration, in the case of term-officers (as the President advises the country) present Democratic incumbents will be allowed to serve out their terms, unless the public interests obviously require removal. Under this principle Postmaster Pearson was allowed to serve out his term. On the contrary, and with very few exceptions, Republican Presidential postmasters were removed by Cleveland *before the expiration of their terms*, in order to make way for Democrats." The truth is, however, as the official records will show, that on the 25th of July, 1887, nearly two years and a half after Cleveland was inaugurated, the President had removed or suspended only 24 per cent.—one in four—of the Republican Presidential postmasters whom he found in office on the 4th of March, 1885.

We are indebted to the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, the leading Republican newspaper of Minnesota, for a detailed statement of the "conspicuous instances" of the spirit and purpose of civil-service reform which Mr. Cleveland afforded in that State, and we commend it to the especial attention of the *Journals* of Boston and Lewiston. There are in Minnesota not quite sixty Presidential post-offices. In five of these, changes have already been made by the Harrison Administration, and they are excluded from consideration. The correspondent furnishes a list of the remaining fifty-three, which shows in each case when the present Democratic incumbent's term began, and so, of course, when his Republican predecessor's ended. A summary of the facts thus brought out is presented in the following table, showing by months of each year the times at which Mr. Cleveland made appointments to these fifty-three offices:

	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.
January	.....	2	4	3
February	.....	.....	3	1
March	.....	6	6	.....
April	.....	.....	.....	2
May	1	.....	1	1
June	1	.....	.....	1
July	3	2	.....	2
August	.....	.....	1	1
September	1	1	.....	1
October	1	3	1	.....
November	.....	1	.....	.....
December	.....	.....	3	.....
Total	7	15	19	12

It must be remembered that the "clean sweep" of the spoils system would have made these fifty-three offices vacant immediately after the 4th of March, 1885, and put them in the hands of Democratic "workers." Instead of this, no change was made until May, and but seven in all during the whole of 1885. The first of January, 1887, nearly two years after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, found thirty-one of these fifty-three offices still filled by Republicans, and a full dozen of the number continued until their terms expired at intervals during the year 1888. It should also be noted that in one case, at Montevideo, Mr. Cleveland reappointed in September, 1886, the woman whom Mr. Arthur had made postmistress in September, 1882.

This is a very remarkable showing, and the Lewiston *Journal* will admit that, so far as the State of Minnesota is concerned, it conclusively disproves the statement that Mr. Cleveland removed Presidential postmasters "with very few exceptions" before the expiration of their terms; and the Boston *Journal* will confess that so long a

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list of "conspicuous instances" establishes the fact that, so far as the State of Minnesota is concerned, Mr. Cleveland was, according to its standard, a thorough-going civil-service reformer. We regret to say that there were other States, notably Indiana and Maryland, in which the same policy was not pursued, although, despite the general removals in such States, the proportion of removals in the whole country did not reach quite 25 per cent. in the third summer of his term. "Taking it by and large," it must be admitted, we think, by such candid men as the editors of the Boston and Lewiston *Journals*, that Mr. Cleveland displayed a great deal of the spirit and purpose of civil-service reform in the matter of Presidential post-offices.

The New York *Tribune* not long ago printed a story which represented President Harrison as saying that "we [the Republicans] must do as well as Cleveland did," in the matter of allowing officials to serve out their terms. The correspondent of the *Pioneer-Press* represents that Gen. Harrison will live up to this idea in the matter of the Minnesota post-offices, the present intention being to allow these Democratic postmasters to retain their places until their terms expire, more than half of them, it will be observed, not until 1891 and 1892. Here is a striking proof of the impetus which Mr. Cleveland gave the cause of reform. In Minnesota at least he broke up the "clean-sweep" system, and neither Gen. Harrison nor any subsequent President will restore it.

ART NO LUXURY.

THE most formidable argument of those who favor the retention of the present tariff upon works of art is, that art is a luxury of the rich, and, therefore, one of the most fit subjects of taxation. The firmest protectionists find it hard to justify on the ground of protection a tax protested against by its supposed beneficiaries, but even a free-trader may be misled by the plausible question, "Shall we let in free of duty the rich man's pictures while we tax the coat and the shoes and the very tools of labor of the poor?" Such a question has a good ringing sound to it, and is admirably calculated to entrap the unthinking. It has been heard more than once in Congress and elsewhere, and is likely to be heard more than once again before the artists get rid of the tax they detest. No doubt it comes often from the mouths of demagogues who pose as the champions of the poor, but no doubt it is also often asked in all seriousness by those who have not studied the question deeply, and it is therefore worthy of serious discussion.

Is art a luxury, like wine or silks or laces? Does it minister only to the pleasure or ostentation of the rich, without benefiting the community at large? Decidedly we say no.

The first great distinction between a work of art and those luxuries with which it is falsely classed is, that it is not consumed by the man who buys it. If I buy a bottle of wine and drink it, it has pleased my palate, given me an hour of pleasant exhilaration, and it is gone. The money or the labor it cost is destroyed absolutely in procuring me that hour of pleasure. If I buy a silk dress for my wife, the pleasure lasts a little longer, and, if she is a handsome woman, spreads a little further, but the dress wears out, and there is an end of it. But if I bring into the country a beautiful picture or a noble statue, I have brought something that will last for hundreds of years after I am dead, and will contribute to the higher pleasures of generations yet unborn. So far from destroying the labor of others for my personal and temporary gratification, I have paid for the enjoyment of thousands, and in so far am a public benefactor. We all recognize the public spirit of him who erects a fountain or gives a garden to the people, and doubtless we are not called upon to admire in the same way the generosity of him who puts a picture in his parlor. Doubtless he puts it there for his own pleasure. Yet, as far as the public is concerned, the benefit is but deferred. Be he as selfish as he may, he cannot keep it shut up for ever; he will die, and the picture will live. Even in his lifetime many will see it, and a work of art truly belongs to him who enjoys it, not to him who owns it. Sooner or later it will change hands, it will be seen in public exhibitions, it will be sold; and the history of all great works of art is, that at last they become the property of the public, and are placed in museums for the pleasure of all. Luxuries are for the moment, but "a thing of beauty is a joy *for ever*."

The first quality in which a work of art differs from a luxury is its permanence; the second is its productiveness. It not only gives pleasure to thousands and for ages, but it gives much more than pleasure—it gives education. The history of art is the history of civilization. Art, in one form or another, is the great beautifier and ennobler of life, and a nation without art—without poetry or painting, architecture or sculpture or music—is a nation of barbarians, though it possess the steam-engine and electricity. But let us leave to one side the question of general culture, of the advance of civilization, of the education of our artists, and let us ask the supporters of the tariff if they know how many millions of dollars the artistic knowledge and taste of its artisans may be worth annually to France. Has it ever occurred to them that in hundreds of industries the market of the world is open not to him who makes cheapest, but to him who makes most beautifully? Has it ever occurred to them that every opportunity of artistic cultivation given him increases by so many dollars' worth the productiveness of the workman's labor? Bring everything down to the mere brutal test of money's worth, and art is productive. The question should not be, "Shall we not tax the rich man's pictures while we tax the poor man's tools?" but rather, "Whether or not we tax the poor man's tools, shall we tax his education?"

No, art is not a luxury—it is civilization; and the tariff on works of art, like the tariff on books, is worthy only of a race of savages. We think ourselves the foremost nation of the world, and yet we are content to rank with Turkey in taxing what every other country in the world that has any claim to a high civilization makes as free as it is welcome. And for what is this tax imposed? Not for revenue, for we have more revenue than we know how to spend. Not for the protection of our artists, for they never asked for it and have always protested against it. It promotes no worthy interest, puts money in no honest man's pocket. A more useless, vicious, and indefensible tax never was levied. Why can we not put an end to it? Why should not all men of culture, all men of intelligence, all lovers of art and of beauty, Democrats and Republicans, protectionists and free-traders, be of one mind to erase from our statute-book this abominable relic of barbarism?

ZORRILLA'S APOTHEOSIS.

ON February 15, 1837, all literary Madrid was at the grave of Larra, the dramatist and satirist, more widely known under his pseudonym of *Figaro*, who had just taken his own life. His tragic end had lent a new importance to his funeral, and it was made a good deal of a ceremony. When all the orations were at last done, and the concourse was preparing to break up, a young man of most singular and striking appearance was observed as he was pushed to the front by his companions. After a moment's hesitation, real or assumed, he drew from his pocket a manuscript, and proceeded to read, with a voice of extraordinary beauty, some verses which he had written on the suicide. The performance was only passable, considering its poetical merits alone, but the scene and the circumstances conspired to attach universal interest to the audacious young poet, and, from the moment of this his literary début, the name of José Zorrilla was known throughout Spain.

But twenty years old, at that time, he was a friendless youth in the metropolis whither he had gone thirsting for literary renown. It was the old story of mistaken parental choice and a rebellious son. His father was bound to make a lawyer of José; but two years of legal study in Valladolid (his native city) and Toledo, sufficed to disgust the ardent boy with his destined profession, and, taking the bit in his teeth, he went to Madrid to write out the poetry with which he felt his heart overflowing. And he did write it out. Luckily brought to public notice in the way mentioned, he wreaked himself upon expression with an affluence of result worthy of a countryman of Lope de Vega. Ten volumes of poems were produced in the next eight years, and a matter of thirty dramas. Of the latter, one, and only one, we believe, has survived as a part of the repertory of modern managers—his "Don Juan Tenorio." Of the flood of verse which ran from him in that period, his poem "El Desafío del Diablo" is said to be the most worth preserving, nearly all the rest having pretty much evaporated along with the other gushings of the romantic school of the day. But all this brought the young writer more glory than cash. Literature was a poor trade at the best, in those days, and Zorrilla had little knack at disposing of his wares to the best advantage. He usually sold his books and plays outright for whatever sums he could get, and thus cut himself off from any contingent gains from copyright. His "Don Juan Tenorio," for example, he sold for $600, a large price for the time, to be sure, but little compared to the income he might have derived from that successful play had he retained the ownership of it.

He kept hoping that his father would become reconciled to him, but the stern parent died in

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1849, without sending for his son, and the latter was thrown upon the world with no other resource than his pen. He betook himself to Paris, where he lived for a number of years, and where he published his longest and best-known poem, "Granada." This was intended to be a sort of epic composition, in which the legendary history and traditional glory of the south of Spain should be poetically set forth. Two volumes of the work saw the light, and then the author stopped, discouraged over the bad fortune that had attended the venture: his bookseller turned out bankrupt, pirated editions abounded, the Spanish-American buyers were liberal in ordering, but fearfully indefinite about paying.

Leaving Paris in disappointment, Mexico received him in 1854, and retained him twelve years. His fame had preceded him: he was cordially welcomed on all hands, and seems to have had a very comfortable time in all respects. But his muse was silent during the whole of his Mexican episode. He was brought to the notice and gained the favor of Maximilian, and was promised great things by that generous dispenser of other people's property; was actually made director of the court theatre, and had the prospect held out before him of becoming the Emperor's private secretary and the editor of his Memoirs. Happily for Zorrilla, Maximilian's *culbute générale* took place during his temporary absence in Spain; it meant for the poet the making a new start in life—his third experience of the kind.

It was no easy task, he found. Spain had pretty nearly forgotten Zorrilla, or, rather, was too much taken up with one Ruiz Zorilla and his audacious politics to give much attention to the poet of whom nothing had been heard for a score of years. However, he resolutely set his hand to whatever work was to be had, and the fiery genius of 1837 had to harness himself in as a publisher's hack. One piece of writing which he did may serve as a specimen of his literary production of this period. Montaner & Simon of Barcelona had bought in England Doré's illustrations of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." They employed Zorrilla to write a volume of original legends to accompany the plates, which he did, making faces, no doubt, over the immense absurdity of the proceeding. When his fortunes had nearly reached low tide, Amadeus took the poet up, and gave him a sort of commission to inspect Italian archives and libraries. This little sinecure did very well as long as it lasted, but that was for a short time only. Next came a period of public lecturing on poetry, with readings from his own works, and this was a great stroke: it brought him a living for the time being, and, better than that, served to awaken something of his old fame and popular acceptance. Soon came a popular demand for a pension, and Castelar made the motion for it in the Chambers, though it took two years of his eloquent championship to get the thing done. Meanwhile *El Imparcial* opened its literary columns to the poet's 'Reminiscences,' and the Duchess of Medina-Celi headed a popular subscription to serve as a sort of advance payment of the pension. At last the Government put him on its civil list, and Zorrilla returned to the city of his birth, there to spend the remnant of his days.

But he was summoned from his retirement at Valladolid, last month, to become the recipient of the highest tribute of affection and honor which Spain can give a poet—a national crowning as national poet. The initiative came, as was fitting, from the *Liceo* of Granada, and the project was enthusiastically taken up by all the leading literary societies of Spain, and by many of those of Spanish America; the Society of Writers and Artists of Caracas, for example, sent a glowing letter of commendation to the President of the Granada *Liceo*, naming the Consul-General of Venezuela in Spain as the Society's delegate at the ceremony. June 17 was the day set for the coronation, and that is the date on the medals struck to commemorate the occasion; but adjournment was made, at the last moment, till the 21st, in order that the personal representative of the Queen Regent, the Duke de Rivas, might be able to be present. Even then, true to proverbial Spanish delays, the crowning did not take place until the 22d.

For more than a week Granada had been in gala dress, the principal streets being masses of flowers and decorations, while business was practically suspended. The festivities were begun days in advance of the central event, and continued days after it, there being no end of banquets and receptions to get through, orations and poems to be delivered, and bulls to be slaughtered by the first swords of Spain, while tournaments in music and literature had, of course, to grace the occasion. The great ceremony took place in the court of the Palace of Charles V. There were gathered all the brilliance and beauty of Granada, with hundreds of distinguished visitors from all parts of Spain, Spanish America, and the colonies, when, at half-past five in the afternoon, the stately procession entered, headed by Zorrilla himself, arm-in-arm with the Duke de Rivas. Once seated on the throne erected for him at one side, with the Duke at his right, he listened to the address of the President of the Granada *Liceo*, the Count de las Infantas, who confided to the hands of the Duke the golden crown destined for the poet's brows. Said the Count, in conclusion, in sonorous phrases:

"Do you, O Duke, who represent here the august mother of Alfonso XIII., the widow of Alfonso XII., the Queen, model of virtue, of resignation, and of love for her people; who also represent one of the most glorious names in Spanish literature, son as you are of the illustrious Angel de Saavedra, Duke de Rivas, whose works give immortality to his name—do you declare to the distinguished Zorrilla, as you place upon his venerable head this symbol of glory and of immortality, that his country offers it to him by my hand with most heartfelt affection, with respect, and with veneration."

Then the Duke performed the coronation, though Zorrilla would consent to have the crown rest upon his head but an instant, after which he rose to recite the poem of the day.

This was the moment of breathless interest for the Granadinos. They had suffered a sore disappointment in connection with this poem. It had long been written, and in the hands of Zorrilla's publishers, Fuentes & Capdeville, but, through some misunderstanding, or on account of the adjournment of the coronation, had got into the hands of the newspaper *El Liberal*, which had published it on the 17th, so that Granada was flooded with copies of it two days before it was to have been delivered. Here was the flavor of the best wine of the feast all dissipated in advance! The only hope was in Zorrilla's fecund muse, which might yet be able to circumvent journalistic enterprise. Sure enough, the thing was done. As the correspondent of *La Epoca* wrote, "For Zorrilla, to wish for a poem is to have it." He added the only needed particle of glory to the occasion, by reciting in his famous style some verses never before published, entitled "Salmodia."

It may be a dangerous descent to pass from Zorrilla apotheosized to an entirely human Zorrilla in the privacy of his Valladolid home, but it may give a more definite outline to his face if seen out from under the nimbus, and so we take from the article of M. Boris de Tannenberg in the *Revue Bleue* of June 15 a part of his account of the private life and opinions of Zorrilla. He visited the poet at Valladolid, last year, with a welcome assured him through letters of introduction from Castelar. A pleasant impression he gives of Zorrilla's modest establishment and simple life, of the affectionate regard in which he is held by all the townspeople, particularly by the working classes, and of his frank affability and entire absence of self-importance. Zorrilla, says M. de Tannenberg, smiles at the early enthusiasms of his romantic era, and insists that no work of his of that date is worthy to live. Even of his famous drama "Don Juan Tenorio," he says that the popularity is to him incomprehensible. "It is a mass of absurdities and unlikelihoods. The hero cannot stand alone. The lyric bits, especially the love songs, are lugged in bodily. I must one day write a pamphlet, '*Don Juan Tenorio* before its Author's Conscience.' If anything of mine will live, it is not my plays but my legends." It is such opinions as these that endear Zorrilla to the younger generation of educated Spaniards, whose ideas are very like his own regarding his works. Indeed, his legendary poem "Granada" was what prompted the Granada *Liceo* to propose his coronation; and this, with his even greater work, the "Leyenda del Cid," constitutes, as he says, his best claim to remembrance.

Zorrilla went for a ramble through Valladolid with M. de Tannenberg, and ran on in miscellaneous talk the whole day, of which we give a sample or two:

"I was born in Valladolid, and here I have come back to spend my age. They have given me the sinecure of Chronicler of the Province. Nobody knows the city better than I; I know by heart all the houses, every old stone. By the way, I am going to show you the house where I was born; it is occupied, but is in wretched repair. I have always schemed to buy it back some day. It is just beside the palace where Philip II. was born; we were neighbors, you perceive. . . . Now let us take a turn in the Plaza Mayor. But it is quite a distance; we will take a car. O, don't hurry. They will wait five minutes if necessary; we are not in Paris running after an omnibus. . . . I could take you to the house of Cervantes, but it is a long distance, and no great sight after all. It is for sale, and they have offered it to me, though at a great price. The offer tempted me: old Zorrilla ending his days in the house of Cervantes, that would go well. But, after reflection, I refused, for the house is scarcely habitable, and I should be badly off there."

Zorrilla was amiable enough to read for his visitor long extracts from his own poems. He prides himself on his reading. Indeed, he has written many verses, he admits, not for their sense but for their sound, delighting in them purely as mellifluous combinations of rhythm and assonance. The effect and style of his celebrated elocution have recently been described by Antonio Peña y Goñi, who says of the performance of the poet, on a certain occasion, "What did he read? I do not remember. Various poems of Oriental flavor, precious stones taken from the great monument which he has bequeathed to artistic Spain of this century, music which enchants with its undulating rhythms, its sonorous cadences, crescendos, and minuendos, exquisite music, melodies veiled and shaded by his aged voice; melodies which are dreamlike as a shadow, which lose themselves like an echo, and whose modulations have something virginal about them, the beating of the wings of an angel, or the adorable sob of a child." Making the proper discounts for our sluggish Occidental imagination, it remains clear that

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Zorrilla's reciting must be out of the ordinary. His power in this direction is surely what led him to close his coronation-day poem, "Salmodia," in the way that he did. We give the concluding lines, leaving the reader to guess what a man of the descriptive and appreciative power of Peña y Goñi would find to say of them:

"un vagido—un son fugaz,
que en él vaga,
que vacila,
que se apaga,
que titila,
que se queja,
que se aleja,
que se va;
que perdido,
ya no da
son ni ruido—
¡se
fué
ya!"

THE ITALY OF HAWTHORNE.—II.

ROME, May, 1889.

A FEW of Hawthorne's remarks about art are almost necessary to the understanding of his Roman novel, but we must remember that they were based on Mrs. Hawthorne's judgments, though passed through his own alembic:

Feb. 20, 1858. "As regards Beatrice Cenci, I might as well not try to say anything, for its spell is indefinable, and the painter has wrought it in a way more like magic than anything else. . . . It is the most profoundly wrought picture in the world; no artist did it, nor could do it again. Guido may have held the brush, but he painted better than he knew. I wish, however, it were possible for some spectator of deep sensibility to see the picture without knowing anything of its subject or history; for no doubt we bring all our knowledge of the Cenci tragedy to the interpretation of it."

February 21. "At St. Peter's we paused longest before Guido's 'Archangel Michael Overcoming Lucifer.' This is surely one of the most beautiful things in the world, one of the human conceptions that are imbued most deeply with the celestial."

And at the very end of his stay, in May, 1859, his judgment of the Cenci and of Guido's Archangel—the original of which he had just seen for the first time in the Church of the Capuchins—was substantially the same.

"March 10, 1858. I am not going to try any more to receive pleasure from a faded, tarnished, lustreless picture, especially if it be a landscape. . . . The merits of historical painting may be quite independent of the attributes that give pleasure, and a superficial ugliness may even heighten the effect; but not so of landscapes."

April 16, 1858. "Even Titian's flesh tints cannot keep, and have not kept, their warmth through all these centuries. The illusion and lifelikeness effervesces and exhales out of a picture as it grows old, and we go on talking of a charm that has for ever vanished."

April 22, 1858. "I seemed to receive more pleasure from Mr. Brown's pictures than from any of the landscapes by the old masters; and the fact serves to strengthen me in the belief that the most delicate, if not the highest, charm of a picture is evanescent, and that we continue to admire pictures prescriptively and by tradition after the qualities which first won them their fame have vanished."

Florence, June 10, 1858. "The collection of pictures is the most interesting that I have seen, and I do not yet feel in a condition, nor perhaps ever shall, to speak of a single one. It gladdened my very heart to find that they were not darkened out of sight, nor apparently at all injured by time; but were well kept and varnished, brilliantly framed, and no doubt restored by skilful touches if any of them needed it. The artists and amateurs may say what they like; for my part I know no drearier feeling than that inspired by a ruined picture—ruined, that is, by time, damp, or rough treatment—and I would a thousand times rather an artist should do his best towards reviving it than have it left in such a condition."

June 15, 1858. "It is the sign, I presume, of a taste still very defective, that I take singular pleasure in the elaborate imitations of Van Mieris, Gerard Dow, and other Dutch wizards, who painted such brass pots that you can see your face in them, and such earthen pots that they will surely hold water; and who spent weeks and months in turning a foot or two of canvas into a perfect microscopic illusion of some homely scene. For my part, I wish Raphael had painted the Transfiguration in this style, at the same time preserving his breadth and grandeur of design; nor do I believe that there is any real impediment to the combination of the two styles, except that no possible space of human life would suffice to cover a quarter part of the canvas of the Transfiguration with such touches as Gerard Dow's."

June 28, 1858. "In several of the chapels there were some of those distressing frescoes by Giotto, Cimabue, or their compeers which, whenever I see them—poor faded relics, looking as if the devil had been rubbing and scrubbing them for centuries in spite against the saints—my heart sinks and my stomach sickens. There is no other despondency like this; it is a new shade of human misery, akin to the physical disease that comes from dry-rot in a wall. These frescoes are to a church what dreary old remembrances are to a mind—the drearier because they were once bright."

July 4, 1858. "We next saw the famous picture of the Virgin, by Cimabue, which was deemed a miracle in its day, . . . and still brightens the sombre walls with the lustre of its gold ground. As to its artistic merits, it seems to me that the Babe Jesus has a certain air of state and dignity; but I could see no charm whatever in the broad-faced Virgin, and it would relieve my mind and rejoice my spirit if the picture were borne out of the church in another triumphal procession (like the one which brought it there) and reverently burnt."

Two or three more quotations seem to be necessary as showing Hawthorne's opinions about Italy, or especially about Rome:

Rome, Feb. 3, 1858. "Cold, narrow lanes between tall, narrow, mean-looking white-washed houses, sour bread, pavements most uncomfortable to the feet, enormous prices for poor living; beggars, pickpockets, ancient temples and broken monuments, and clothes hanging to dry about them; French soldiers, monks and priests of every degree; a shabby population smoking bad cigars—these would have been some of the points of my description. Of course there are better and truer things to be said."

October 15, 1858. "They are a lovable people, these Italians, as I find from almost all with whom I come in contact; they have great and little faults and no great virtues that I know of, but still are sweet, amiable, pleasant to encounter, save when they beg, or when you have to bargain with them."

October 17, 1858. "Now that I have known it once, Rome certainly draws into itself my heart as, I think, even London, or even little Concord itself, or old sleepy Salem, never did and never will."

May 29, 1859. "Wednesday was the day fixed for our departure from Rome. . . . Methought it never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue. I saw Soracte on the horizon, and I looked at everything as if for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable there, and languid with the effects of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in its daily life, still I cannot say I hate it, perhaps might fairly own a love for it. But life being too short for such questionable and troublesome enjoyments, I desire never to set eyes on it again."

Now, with such impressions of Italy, how did Hawthorne ever come to write 'The Marble Faun'? The draft of the tale was written during his summer stay at Bellosguardo. While at Rome many ideas for stories had occurred to him, most of them of the idealized, semi-supernatural sort; and among others the notion of a human being descending from and partaking of the characteristics of the old pagan sylvan deities had come to him in looking at the statues of fauns in the Capitoline Museum and at the Villa Borghese, as well as on seeing some of the herdsmen of the Campagna, with their shaggy goat-skin breeches, so like the satyrs of olden time. Doubtless the talks with Powers and Browning on spiritualism and kindred topics had also their influence. The idea of the story, so far as there is one, is the awakening to life of a hitherto dormant moral nature through crime; as well as the influence of crime on the character of persons who are intimately connected with one, though not accomplices, or who are simply involuntarily brought into contact with one.

One of the most clever of contemporary French critics, M. Émile Faguet, in speaking of 'Adolphe,' by Benjamin Constant, says that the field offered to each author for writing a psychological novel is a very restricted one.

"The nature of such a novel consists in seizing and expressing human feelings not so much in their outward manifestations as in their very essence; in the painful contraction or in the delightful thrill from which they spring or with which they are accompanied at the outset, in the most remote recesses of the moral being. The only feelings in that state that we know are our own; or, rather, the most observant and most independent realize only their own and those of the persons most nearly associated with them, with whose life they have lived. It follows that the psychological romance cannot and ought not to be other than very rare, on pain of being an artificial composition in a kind of writing which does not admit of artifice. To speak correctly, a writer does not make a psychological romance—he is possessed of it, and he has enough reactive power over his feelings to reproduce it. To invent one is almost a moral fault in the sense that it is a sort of falsehood; and as it is in a measure a sort of profanation to write one's own, the case is very rare where one can write what is true without being culpable, and one which is neither a crime nor a folly."

Now, there was in Hawthorne's life—as we learn from his biographer—an episode of this kind which had an important influence on his character, and enabled him to write with *connaissance de cause*. When he was about thirty, in consequence of a woman's intrigues, he sent a challenge to one of his friends, who, however, acted in a sensible manner and explained the misunderstanding so that the duel never came off. Just after this one of his most intimate friends, Cilley, who had been recently elected to Congress, had been challenged by a Southerner, on a matter so unimportant that he thought it best to refuse, until some one said: "If Hawthorne was so ready to fight a duel without stopping to ask questions, you certainly need not hesitate." Cilley then accepted the challenge, fought, and was killed.

"When Hawthorne" (his son says) "was told of this, he felt as if he were almost as much responsible for his friend's death as was the man who shot him. He said little, but the remorse that came upon him was heavy and did not pass away. He saw that it was Cilley's high esteem for him which had led him to his fatal decision, and he was made to realize, with unrelenting clearness, how small a part of the consequences of a man's deed can be monopolized by the man himself. 'Had I not aimed at my friend's life,' was the burden of his meditation, 'this other friend might be still alive.' And if the reproach be deemed fanciful, it would not on that account be easier for Hawthorne to shake off. He had touched hands with crime, and all the rest was but a question of degrees."

Hawthorne had treated the theme briefly and well in one of the 'Twice-Told Tales' soon after the event had occurred. His application of his psychology in 'The Marble Faun' was a failure, partly owing to the limitation of his powers, but chiefly from his want of knowledge and experience. With Hilda, the New England girl (supposed to be drawn from Mrs. Hawthorne), who is a mere spectator of a crime, the process of the struggles of conscience and feeling is successfully presented. In the mysterious past of Miriam he had a dim notion—as he himself confesses—of the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, and here he told in a way

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his own story. He tried to show the effect on her character and moral nature of a crime with which she was in some way necessarily connected—perhaps as one of the causes—without being in any way an accomplice. But he made her endeavor to ward off the recollections and consequences of that crime by instigating the commission of another.

The great fault is in the portrait of Donatello. Hawthorne had evidently met one of those charming, frank, boyish young Italian gentlemen—amiable, always ready to serve or please, unconscious of himself, as perfectly natural as an animal, with good and right instincts, but otherwise, one might say, without a moral nature, and with little intellectual culture. Such young men are not uncommon in Italy, and perhaps were more frequent in the Rome of those days, when there was no intellectual or political life. It was a character which Hawthorne, with his New England introspective nature, could not possibly understand; nor, being himself uncommunicative even in English, could he get at all well acquainted with the man. Seeing in him, therefore, something of the antique idea of the faun was very natural, and would have been a very pretty conceit had Hawthorne not dwelt on it too much, and almost endeavored to prove it. The mistake was in endowing a Donatello of this kind with a New England conscience. The real Donatello might have murdered the man—as he was bidden to do by Miriam's eyes—but he would probably have thought no more about it; and it certainly would not have overwhelmed him with remorse, so long, at least, as his love for Miriam lasted, nor have created for him a moral nature. Not that all Italians are like Donatello, for there are many types, perhaps more plainly marked by sharp lines than among most peoples. But Italians of the conscientious, reflective character, with a rigid sense of right and duty, men of the type of Mazzini and Aurelio Saffi, are not like Donatello to begin with.

Nearly all the remaining material of the novel comes from the 'Notebooks.' All the setting of the story, all that is called local color, is to be found in the 'Notebooks' almost in the same words as are used in the novel. Some passages, as that about the dead friar in the Capuchin Church with the blood flowing from his mouth, and that about the buffalo calf which gambolled about Kenyon, being given literally in the novel, were not even reprinted in the 'Notebooks.' The greater portion of the moonlight ramble at Rome is for the same reason omitted. All the visits to studios, the evenings with artists, the art-talk and criticism—even to the statement that Gibson's Venus was tinted with tobacco-juice—were skilfully put together by Hawthorne from his notes. There, too, may be found, at least in their germ, his reflections on the advantages and influences of Catholicism. The humors of the Carnival, again, and even such an incident as the discovery of the antique Venus, may be found there. Here, also, are Hilda's tower and the Villa Montauto, which is moved further back into the Apennines and christened Monte Beni, thus giving a title to the novel. The description of the landscape is taken very literally from the actual site as noted down, but, having removed it in place, the author felt at liberty to put in it what he thought it lacked—"the gleam of water and the bright eyes of half-a-dozen little lakes looking heavenward." In the novel this reads—"A river gleamed across it, and lakes opened their blue eyes in its face, reflecting Heaven." This is more justifiable than applying the front of the Cathedral of Siena to the church at Perugia. They carried on the vintage at Monte Beni in the same way as at Montauto; and there, too, it was not so picturesque as cider-making in New England—"The great heap of golden or rosy apples under the trees, and the cider-mill worked by a circumgiratory horse, and all agush with sweet juice." And in both places the unripe wine did not taste as good as new cider. Mr. Kirkup of Florence, his spiritualism and his little girl, also were talked of at Monte Beni; and in the oratory of both houses were the same prints, the same alabaster skull, and in a glass case the same "little naked waxen boy like a cupid, holding up a heart resembling a bit of red sealing-wax."

There is no need to multiply instances. We can now understand the object of the notebooks which so puzzled Mr. Henry James, who thought that they were only for practice in keeping up a good English style. Hawthorne, even when he could see outside objects clearly, apparently could not remember accurately for long what he had seen. He remembered only the impressions which had been made on him, and frequently his entries seem like impressions of his impressions. His notebooks were part of his working material; it was to them only he could say, in Browning's words:

> "Rescue me, thou the only real!
> And scare away this mad ideal
> That came, nor motions to depart!"

Without the notebooks 'The Marble Faun' would have been—to use Hawthorne's own expression—"all cloudland." But the recital of the details of the sources does not enlighten us as to how they could be transmuted into what is, after all, a great novel. That is a puzzle which can be solved only by assuming the possession by the author of what we agree to call genius. E. S.

LAND IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION IN EGYPT.

MALTA, April 17, 1889.

FROM the earliest times it has been known and written that the country of Egypt is the gift of the Nile. Excepting the province of Fayum, lying to the west of the river, not far above Cairo, which totally differs in character from the rest of Egypt, all the fertile soil above Cairo is contiguous to and lines the river banks, and below that point is included in the Delta. This black, productive soil overspreads the sand beneath in varying depths of from three to six metres, and has all come down suspended in Nile water from the mountain regions of Abyssinia and the great lakes of Equatorial Africa. The slope of the land from Assuan—the first cataract—to the sea is very gradual, that point being 300 feet above the sea and 450 miles distant. At Khartum the two main streams forming the Nile unite, the richer Blue Nile from Abyssinia and the clearer White Nile from the great swampy lakes nearer the centre of the continent; the former becoming a vast muddy torrent, the latter only slightly colored, but also greatly swollen, in the rainy season. Near Berber the Atbara adds its muddy waters from the Nubian mountains. From these combined sources comes that reddish, fertilizing stream, depositing ooze and slime, which, annually overflowing in depths of several inches the burnt-up plains of summer, causes those marvellous double and treble crops without more fertilizing or (as a rule) even ploughing—the seed falling into the numberless cracks of the drying mud. The Nile water holds in suspension in flood time, when it is let on the land, from one-tenth to one-sixth of one per cent. of solids; the coarser, heavier particles falling first, upon the slowing of the currents, and mainly before reaching the Delta canals.

The drainage area of the Nile is the same as that of the Mississippi; its annual discharge is six times less, its rainfall is thirty per cent. greater, and one-third of it is supposed to reach the Delta. It is, next to the Father of Waters, the longest river in the world—3,300 miles. Its tributaries are nearly dry from October to May, and mighty streams from June to September. When other streams of Europe, Asia, and America are low, the Nile is high; it rises every year with marvellous regularity as to time and fixity of volume, and flows for its last 1,600 miles without receiving a single tributary. Finally, owing to its great deposits before reaching the sea, and the littoral currents of the Mediterranean, the Delta now gains but little on the sea, and the coast has been but slightly changed during the last 3,000 years.

The cataracts begin at Assuan, and in all number six, the second being at Wady Halfa—tourists rarely getting up further, and not being allowed this season beyond the first, for fear of wandering bands of hostile dervishes. Before the loss of Khartum, the state of the river—its risings, fallings, and slightest changes—was telegraphed from that point to the authorities at Cairo, a gain of twenty-five days' time; they now have but half that time, and get information from points near Wady Halfa. It has been supposed by some to be in the power of the Mahdists to divert the Nile to some extent from its course, but Sir Samuel Baker has demonstrated this to be impossible with their present resources, quite a chain of granite hills interposing. The maximum difference of water level between summer and winter exceeds twenty feet; in floods, the level is from three to eight feet above the level of the country, dykes and banks protecting villages and fields. It is only in flood times, from July to November, that much water goes to sea; during the rest of the year temporary dams are thrown across the Rosetta and Damietta mouths.

From the river, canals lead off to all cultivable regions in a systematic manner, the larger principal ones being exceptionally deep and used for boat transport. The water may run in by sluice gates, or, as the level recedes, be pumped to them. At the head of the Delta, a short distance below Cairo, is the remarkable work, the *Barrage*, a great dam, the creation of Mehemet Ali's French engineers from its conception in 1835 to its completion in 1863 It was meant to keep up the Nile level at the head of the great canals, with consequent abundant water. It showed structural weakness at once, due to haste in making foundations, and up to 1884 had not supported more than three or four feet of water. It cost enormously, crossing both the Damietta and Rosetta branches near where the main stream divides, with a series of gates, arches, and battlemented and fortified towers, and being 3,310 feet long. The platform is 30 feet above sea level. No ordinary borings indicate the consistency of the subsoil of Egypt, and the foundations consist of great wide thicknesses of rock, cement, and concrete, overlying sand and mud, up stream and down.

In 1884 the English virtually took possession of the country, and from that moment there has been in the irrigation and public-works department a body of skilled engineers and practical men, whose extraordinary achievements and beneficence even obstructing pashas and foreign opponents must now admit. Many natives are retained, and the Englishmen, some with experience gained in India, are but a

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handful. The chief, Col. Moncrieff, is the Under Secretary of State for Public Works. Col. Moncrieff soon decided that the *Barrage* must do its work, and, with the aid of proper precautionary works, it has been, after long years of disuse, gradually applied to its original purpose, being not yet strengthened and repaired to its finish, but year by year supporting a higher Nile level, and having thus far in the two years of low Nile averted a water famine in the Delta. This (for Egypt) great feat having been accomplished, a grant of £1,000,000 was obtained in 1887 to finish the work properly, and to carry on urgently needed irrigation projects and repairs, in addition to the usual annual grants. The *Barrage* will be completed in 1892, and will then support a maximum level of water, with full canals for the bulk of the country. Without this work the Damietta branch would silt up not many years hence, as have the five other mouths of the Nile during the last eighteen centuries. Public rejoicings and thanks to the Khedive and Col. Moncrieff followed this increased regular water supply, sweet water now going to remote villages before subsisting on foul and brackish wells.

Prior to 1884 the directing heads were of other nationalities, mainly French, combined with native powerful pashas, but when in 1887 an exceptional flood came, the present Chief wrote in his annual report:

"When face to face with disastrous inundation, we naturally looked for records of previous floods. It would have been invaluable to have known where were found the weakest points, what means were found effective and what ineffective. But even of those two great floods within the last thirteen years ('74 and '78) not an engineering record was forthcoming any more than if they had occurred in the reign of a Pharaoh."

However, the Nile flood of that year was safely guided and tended to the sea, notwithstanding the river rose higher by one foot than it had in former disastrous flood years.

To form an idea of possible losses from an uncontrolled flood Nile, the Deltaic provinces lying between the great branches of the river, yielding annual crops estimated at £10,000,000, reckon 11,708 water wheels, 1,285 stationary and portable steam engines of 12,290 horse power, and innumerable canals with their appurtenances—to say nothing of the people, with their cattle and effects. Low Nile means enormously diminished revenues and material want among the agricultural people. Land not irrigated cannot grow crops and is not taxed. The estimated revenue averages a little less than a pound sterling per acre. The approximate value of the whole crop of the country is from £25,000,000 to £30,000,000. The cultivable area consists at present of six Delta provinces, 2,850,000 acres, and Upper Egypt, 2,250,000. Reclamation of land in the latter region is not possible, the desert being close at hand, excepting Fayum, which is really an oasis, and is a cup-shaped depression with hills, valleys, and a great lake. In Lower Egypt, reclamation is going on at the rate of 50,000 acres per year, and in the Behera province double that amount.

This work of again bringing into use vast areas of land for the benefit of an impoverished, down-trodden race once more given the opportunity of living freely by their own industry, is being accomplished by methods of simple honesty and engineering skill, under the present régime. It was evident that improvement must result if anything were done at all, and since what was undertaken has been well done, much good results. Canals must be kept in repair, as well as sluices, drains, dams, locks, syphons, and pumps of all degrees—the large Dutch wheel, the Archimedes screw, and steam centrifugal pumps up to a capacity of 220 tons per minute. Watchmen patrol the banks in high Nile, and by steam-launches the engineers rapidly go about and note the signs of strain or weakness. Banks are strengthened, and cutting currents deflected by strong bags filled with sand, by boats sunk full of stones, by stakes, by jetties, and by other devices, and the inspectors are at hand to direct the hundreds of willing natives in times of danger. In dry season, repairs and new works are carried out, long-forgotten channels are cleared and extended to long-neglected and arid regions, and, as by magic, the land ever widens its green covering. It may be said that there were skilled engineers before the present time, and honest officials in the irrigation department, yet it is plain that the fellah gets more water for his fields freely now; bribing for an undue share of it is far more uncommon than formerly, and the work is done systematically and successfully for the first time in centuries.

Nearly one-third of the Delta is still valueless for agriculture, and includes the shallow lakes and marshes of Mareotis, Burullus, and Menzaleh along the coast. Abukir has been drained by a private company, is being washed of its salt efflorescence, and will shortly add its 32,000 fertile acres, while the margins of the larger lakes are being encroached upon and annually some useful land reclaimed. The bulk of those million acres, however, remains to be restored, being now useless but for the fisheries. Adjoining the inland borders of Mareotis, near the great desert, the vine once flourished; it is again to be attempted, and the old sites have recently had a new canal led to them. One finds over the barren and long-deserted tracts mounds of broken pottery and ruins of ancient habitations, and the Abukir region, now again dry and becoming green, shows traces of streets and stone-covered ways, as well as of the old cultivation in its rectilinear lines of minute shells tracing out the banks and fields. This region was densely populated in Alexander's time and after. Canopus, the famous old Greek city, is a mass of levelled unexplored ruins, covered by heaps of pottery in a desolate, barren plain. The sea has cut off some of the edge, and exposes house foundations, walls, baths, pottery, and, by a little digging about, occasional coins. Seven large fluted columns of Syene granite are lying about near one spot, partly covered, and unfinished, as if the Greeks had taken them from some preceding Egyptian structure and were fluting them. They are said by Petrie to be the only fluted columns in Egypt. There is also a breakwater a few yards off shore composed of masses of broken sphinxes and one Egyptian god of the same material. Many wall surfaces preserve their enduring colors to this day, in red, green, and yellow. Under all this débris, fifteen feet thick, is the tenacious Nile mud at the sea level.

The rainfall in the Delta is of some importance, but practically in Lower Egypt agriculture depends on regular irrigation as known to us. In Upper Egypt, where what is known as the basin treatment of irrigation, the old natural system of the Pharaohs, prevails, the country is divided into basins of from 8,000 to 50,000 acres each, the water coming in on these tracts in August and September (in high Nile), emptying again in October, the resulting deposit of several inches being at once fertilizer and irrigator. The crop of wheat and flax is sown in November without ploughing, and reaped in March. Countless wells are dug in summer, and supply water by the primitive shadoof, and the second crop is millet, cucumbers, and melons. This is the ideal old Egyptian agriculture, and the soil is as famously fertile as it was ages ago. As Shakspere has *Antony* say to *Octavius Cæsar:*

"Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest."

In Lower Egypt all this is changed, chiefly since the introduction of cotton forty years ago. Here the year has three seasons, corresponding with the Nile phases and the climate. The first is "Sefi" or summer (April to July inclusive—low Nile), when the water discharged averages 20,000 cubic feet per second; the crop being cotton, rice, sugar-cane, melons, and cucumbers. This is followed by "*Nili*," high Nile or flood season (August to November inclusive), when maize is grown, the staple food for the whole agricultural population; the cotton, rice, and cane-sugar are maturing and being irrigated, and fallow land is submerged. The maximum water discharge is now 380,000 cubic feet per second. The third season is "Chitawi," or winter (December to March inclusive), and the crops are wheat, barley, beans, tobacco, and clover; and the Nile discharges not over 55,000 cubic feet per second. In the order of value the Delta crops are cotton, maize, wheat, clover, beans, barley, rice, sugar-cane, and tobacco. Under this treble-crop system it is necessary to irrigate all lands, but to flood none, whereas in Upper Egypt the best crops come from the recent alluvial deposit in the basins flooded once annually; maize or durra ripens in high Nile on higher land without being inundated.

Land in Lower Egypt is yielding less than formerly, and the quality of the products is deteriorating. If the same system is to continue, cropping must be improved and fertilizing must be extensively introduced. It is not now expedient or practicable to reintroduce basin irrigation there, as it would involve at once the loss of one or two cotton crops, each of an estimated value of £5,000,000, and it is not generally believed to be any longer applicable to the Delta, owing to changed conditions. In Upper Egypt the basins lie close upon the Nile, fill and run off easily enough, getting the pick of the mud deposit; obviously the fan-shaped, flatter Delta enormously increases the difficulties. Much of this invaluable mud and slime annually goes to sea, and Napoleon once remarked that, were he master of Egypt, not an ounce of it should be wasted there. The Pharaonic system of basin irrigation in Lower Egypt lasted many centuries into the Christian era; but gradually, through neglect of dykes and drains, the sea encroached on the low coast, and, mingling with the Nile, produced salt plains and black swamp fit only for coarse grasses. Thus was lost one-third of the area of the Delta. There are here remote villages using brackish and foul water brought a long distance on women's and children's heads in jars, but sweet-water canals are being led to them, to the great improvement of health and comfort. The great lakes are only from one to four feet deep, and Menzaleh has an area of 800 square miles. The sea shut out, with evaporation and years of Nile deposit they might be reclaimed. Other projects include extensive drains, better transport to markets, and, more remotely, an immense reservoir in the depression of the Fayum province—a holding capacity requiring several years of Nile floods alone to fill. The present all-engrossing tasks before the engineers include: the finishing of the great *Barrage*, to keep up the level of water, obviat-

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ing the use of pumps, and by some means diminishing silting, and consequent *corvée* or forced labor, by reason of more regular currents in the canals; the protection of the Nile dykes during flood; regulation of the water supply; and, lastly, the gradual conversion of the salt plains near the inland lakes, and the marsh districts near the coast, into good land.

Forced labor on the canals is an old Egyptian institution, and, in comparison with slavery as it existed with us prior to the civil war, was infinitely worse. Annually, for four months or longer, the natives, to the number of from one to two hundred thousand, were forced to clear the deep canals of ooze and mud, without pay, and given only the coarsest bread to eat. There was no escape, and force in the Orient is unequivocal. They were torn from their wretched homes and villages, and labored, sickened, and starved, often in distant parts of the country; sometimes dying by thousands. If for no other reason, the gradual abolition of this *corvée* and the amelioration of so much as remains—the laborers are now paid wages or may ransom themselves cheaply—the present Government of Egypt and the English control should persist yet another generation longer, when, no matter who controls, this dreadfully miserable people may have been taught to realize their emancipation and know how to resist brutal oppression if need be. It was believed that the fellaheen would not work unless forced, but it is found that they work better when paid for their labor. They toil all day in the mud for ten cents. Human nature is still the same even here.

The cost of the administration was in 1887 but $212,000, though the expenditure was something over $4,000,000. So much good for the money has never before been obtained in Egypt.

C. A. Siegfried.

Correspondence.

SOUTHERN HOMICIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of July 4, headed "The South Carolina Idea," you say:

"Due process of law in South Carolina and in the South generally would require that some near relative of Capt. Dawson should kill McDow, in which case he should be acquitted because he had a strong feeling against McDow. Then, if a near relative of McDow should kill a near relative of Dawson, he, too, would be acquitted on the same ground. There are no assignable limits to a vendetta of this kind short of the extinction of the families."

Your paper generally has authority for what it asserts. May I ask the authority for the above, so far as South Carolina is concerned? Can a single instance of the kind be given?

Very respectfully,

A South Carolinian.

Charleston, S. C., July 7, 1889.

[If our correspondent challenges us to instance a South Carolina vendetta, we freely concede our inability to do so, though we do not believe there is or has been anything in public sentiment or judicial practice regarding personal violence which makes the vendetta impossible in that State, or less likely to occur there than in other parts of the South. We say this with the more confidence because the late H. V. Redfield, in his book on 'Homicide, North and South,' makes no distinction between South Carolina and the other slave States, and gives to the former certainly one of his most dismal chapters. Thus, on p. 93 he says: "The number of family affrays between relations [in S. C.] bears about the same proportion to total deadly difficulties as in the other Southern States." On p. 91, we read:

"In a street-fight in Edgefield one afternoon in August [1878] four men were killed—three shot dead, and the fourth mortally wounded—and five slightly or severely wounded. Two of the killed, we are informed, 'were old, gray-haired men'—Benjamin and James Booth. Benjamin Booth had previously killed Luther Toney, and Broker Toney (one of the four killed) had previously killed Deputy-Marshal Gus Harris, and 'also another man two or three years before.' This affray, therefore, leads us into accounts of seven different homicides. All who survived the battle were, I think, acquitted on trial."

Mr. Redfield closes his South Carolina chapter with these reflections on the deed of a Nashville (Tenn.) desperado (p. 109):

"It is also mentioned casually that the murderer was regarded as dangerous, as he had on two previous occasions stabbed two men so severely that they were believed at the time to be mortally wounded. And yet, under the fine Southern system which rears such men by the tens of thousands, they are permitted to stab and shoot and rearm and stab and shoot again. One would think that after a man had stabbed two men nearly to death on different occasions, his operations might be somewhat abridged by the enforcement of law. In a large percentage of these Southern affrays and assassinations, it is found on investigation, as in these cases [viz., in Nashville and contemporaneously in Edgefield County, S. C.], that some of those engaged had previously been parties to deadly difficulties, and were still permitted to go at large."

In his chapter on "Personal Difficulties," Mr. Redfield makes general application of two statements which are pertinent to the McDow incident: "The theory of self-defence, in many cases, has been carried to the extent of making it a cloak for murder. I could give multiplied instances of this, but it is unnecessary." (He gives one, p. 122.) "There are very many instances in the Southern courts where men are acquitted for manslaughter when their only justification was a blow from a cane or even the fist. Indeed, in some instances this is carried to the extent of acquitting for murder when the murderer killed his enemy in revenge for an insult by words, and when he was in no bodily peril whatever."—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article on "The South Carolina Idea" will doubtless call out some response from Charleston, but you will pardon me for one or two comments.

In apology for the acquittal of Dr. McDow I have not a word to say, and in this place, which is not so far from South Carolina, I have heard not a word about it except in reprobation. While it was doubted by many whether the jury would convict of murder in the first degree, no one that I heard speak of it expected such a shocking travesty of justice as this verdict. How far it accords with the South Carolina idea, South Carolinians must say; but as a people they are not distinguished for that sort of cowardice that shoots an unarmed man in the back. The tendency to violence among us in the South, we deplore. I have preached freely on the subject, and the enclosed clipping shows how the Charleston ministers are aroused. But I want to direct your attention to two things. You make a good deal of the fact that Dr. McDow was congratulated at church by his friends, *including many ladies*. When this telegram was read in the ears of *Southern* ladies, they hooted at the idea that they could have been *ladies*. But whether the telegram was true or false, the fact is no indication of *South Carolina* opinion, since it was stated that it was a Lutheran Church, and Lutherans in the South are almost without exception foreigners. You made in your article some careful distinctions between foreigners and South Carolinians; it is strange you did not notice this.

But there is another part of your article which shows you do not apprehend the true situation in the South, viz., the lynching of negroes for rape on white women. You lay stress on the fact that there is no indignation if the crime is the other way. The truth is, that such a crime is practically unknown. A white man was lynched recently by negroes for rape on a negro girl—*it turned out that he was half-witted.* The fact is, it would be impossible, except in a few cases, to get a jury of negroes to believe that an alleged rape on a negro or mulatto girl was such in fact. The estimation of lapses from virtue among them is fairly indicated by this instance. A lady's coachman (a married negro) seduced the daughter of her cook. When the lady was about to dismiss him, the girl's mother remonstrated: "Lor', Miss ——, you ain't gwine send him 'way *jes' for dat.*" Immoral white men, alas, find it only too easy to gratify their lusts without resorting to rape. There are many self-respecting colored girls, but they are unfortunately a small minority.

But with regard to lynching for rape, it is, indeed, a desperate remedy; but what other can be used for so desperate a disease? Our wives and daughters are surrounded by a people among whom hundreds are brutal savages in their passions. When passion is aroused, and opportunity occurs, the law's delays, the chances of escape, the time for "getting religion," and the chance for glorification on the scaffold, all so modify the terrors of the death penalty that it fails to restrain them from this most brutal of crimes. If nothing but the certainty that an outraged community will rise and execute swift vengeance will check the crime, who shall say that a community must not so defend itself? It does, indeed, reveal a state of civilization but little removed from barbarism, but it is the barbarism of a race that has been forced into contact with civilization, and civilization must protect itself by methods that would not be needed if the barbarism were not there.

A Southern Pastor.

SHORT TERMS OF OFFICE DANGEROUS TO PRIVATE RIGHTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One sometimes hears it stated that long tenure of office by public servants, whether elected or appointed, tends to bureaucracy and threatens the rights of individual citizens. May I call your readers' attention to the fact that short terms may have this effect, familiarity with the system of frequent changes rendering both courts and legislatures careless as to these rights?

By the amended charter of Covington, Ky., all actions to recover from that city any taxes or assessments illegally or erroneously collected are barred after six months from the time the cause of action accrued. The constitutionality of the amendment containing this limitation was sustained in the City of Covington vs. Hoadley, 83 Ky., 444. Holt, J., who delivered the opinion of the court, went beyond the mere question of the legality of such a limitation, and referred to its practical utility and reasonableness in the following words:

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"It is the rule in this country, rather than the exception, to provide municipalities with a limitation law different from that provided by the general law. The reason is obvious. The municipal officers and agents are changed often; and that which can easily be ascertained to-day by reason of their presence or assistance, may be difficult or impossible of ascertainment a year hence."

That the officers and agents of our municipal governments are frequently changed is unquestionably true, and it is probably as true that this has given rise to this extreme restriction of private rights against a municipality. One might naturally look, therefore, for a severe denunciation of a system so utterly perverted, so thoroughly unbusinesslike, as to make it impracticable for a municipality to recognize for a longer period than six months the legal claims of individuals against it. On the contrary, the statement is made as of a perfectly natural and unobjectionable state of facts, without a word of protest or even criticism. It might, perhaps, be suggested that the learned judge was indulging in a piece of refined satire; that he thought the picture of municipal misgovernment and tyranny, sketched in these few sentences, sufficiently impressive to call for no words of comment; but his opinion in a later case forbids this explanation. It seems that the amended charter of Louisville places the same limitation of six months upon all actions against the city for damages of every character, whether to person or to property; and in Preston vs. City of Louisville, 84 Ky., 118, which sustained the amendment, the same judge reiterates what he had already said in the Covington case, in explanation of this provision also, and with the same tacit approval as before.

It is sufficiently startling that a judge upon the bench should manifest approval of the system of short terms and frequent changes of public servants, that canker which destroys the efficiency and often the honesty of the administration of public affairs all over the country; but that he should refer to the system as a reasonable ground for such a curtailment of private rights must be simply astounding to all who believe that government exists for the protection rather than the oppression of the individual citizen. Judge Holt does, indeed, refer casually to the intrinsic reasonableness of these limitations, apart from the cause to which he ascribes them, but one cannot but think that his view in this respect is colored by his notions of the conduct of public business. The tendency of Western legislation is to shorter periods of limitation than are usual in the East, but if the time in which a claim based upon a simple contract or tort must be asserted be, as in Kentucky, five years as against an individual or a private corporation, what good reason can there be for a limitation of six months when the claim is against a city? If the Kentucky Legislature should require suits against all business men or corporations who were in the habit of frequently changing their clerks and agents to be brought within six months, would Judge Holt consider that a reasonable restriction of the rights of their creditors? Would he think it in accordance with a sound public policy? A valid claim against an individual or corporation cannot stand upon any really higher ground than one against a municipality; and yet Judge Holt would apply a wholly different rule in the two cases. Could the most extreme bureaucracy ask more of him than this? Verily, when once you discard the principle that the best public servant is, other things being equal, the one who has been longest in his place, there is no telling where you will stop.

CHARLES C. BINNEY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 12, 1889.

THE OBSTACLE TO CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The obstacle to civil-service reform is not President Harrison, nor any one nor all Senators, Congressmen, or politicians. It is the indifference, in fact, the hostility, of the people. Among the refined and the men of literary tastes, nine-tenths are warm advocates of the merit system; among all other men, nine-tenths or more consider Marcy's historic words about the spoils of office as an axiom in American politics. The only hope that the friends of reform have is, to draw the mass of the people away from their error; the politicians will soon follow.

Now, the toleration, and affection even, which the mass of Americans entertain for the spoils system, rests on two cardinal mistakes of fact, or at least misconceptions. The first is this, that the spoils system means only the appointment of members of the winning party to office, and the average American argues that there are certainly twice as many people fit to fill all the offices as there are offices to fill; hence, no great harm can be done by taking all the office-holders either from one or the other of the two great parties, which are nearly equal to each other in numbers. And the first premise is undoubtedly true: there are but few offices in which the incumbent is indispensable, and not very many in which much harm could be done by merely displacing the Democrat who is in, in favor of the best-fitted among the Republican applicants, or vice versa at the next deal.

But the spoils system does not mean the appointment of the best-fitted men with the additional qualification that they must belong to the dominant party. It means a scramble, in which, among the members of the dominant party, those generally prevail who stand best with the State or district boss, or who spend most time in hunting endorsements and most money in Washington hotel bills. It means interminable intrigue and corruption, and fearful waste of brain and even muscular force to the President and all his Cabinet, at the cost of the real work on behalf of the people for which they are supposed to be elected or appointed. It means very often the elevation of disreputable or utterly incapable men to responsible offices; men who are most subservient to the boss, and most persistent in the "still hunt," because they are most fully persuaded of their inability to make a living in any open profession or in any honest business. The people should know that it is not a question between Democrats and Republicans, but between men willing and able to give good work for the moderate salary on the one side, and heelers and ward bummers on the other.

The next misconception which most men of both parties entertain about the effect of partisan appointment to office is that it helps the party, and that, self-preservation being the first law of nature, each party is justified in rewarding its friends and punishing, or at least disabling, its enemies. The experience of the last sixty years has proved this belief to be most erroneous. It is only necessary to study the election returns in a series of *Tribune Almanacs* to become convinced of the utter futility of all attempts to strengthen a party by the distribution of Federal offices, by the recognition of its leaders. The elective local offices do help the party—they call forth an ambition which can only be satisfied by local success; but Federal offices do no good whatever; on the contrary, the smaller the party is in any district, the better the offices will go round. There is an exception which proves the rule. In the Gulf States the Republican vote fell off between 1884 and 1888, when the Federal offices were in hostile hands; but in the Gulf States the Republican party was made up almost entirely of unlettered field hands, who needed the interested leadership of Federal office-holders. But even in the Gulf States there is an oasis. In New Orleans, with a small nucleus of white Republicans, foreign-born, Northerners, and Creoles, the party gained a Congressman during the rule of a Democratic President. In all the border States, in Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, the Republicans have more than held their own; they have materially reduced the majority against them without the aid of State or Federal patronage. The reason for all this is very plain: for each partisan that is rewarded, from five to ten are disappointed and soured.

This also should be drummed into the ears of the people till the average voter comes instinctively to fear the gain of offices by his party as a danger, in like manner as he now looks forward to it as a piece of good luck. When the people are properly educated in these two points, the establishment of the merit system will be secured.—Respectfully, L. N. D.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLEDGE IN WEST VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If there is any State in the Union in which the civil-service pledges of the present Administration are regarded, it is not West Virginia. In pursuance of the plan to subsidize the press, A. B. White of the *State Journal* was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue. Just before he took the oath of office his paper contained the following manifestation of the contempt with which he regards the pledges which the President has made:

"He [Mr. White] is as anxious as any Republican to get the changes made as speedily as consistent with good service, being a devoted believer in the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils; and, at the earliest practicable date, every Democratic appointee in the office, from the humble and poorly-paid apple-jack gaugers to the well-paid store-keepers and clerks, will be succeeded by simon-pure all-wool and yard-wide Republicans."

Some one who still has faith in the good intentions of the Administration might say that the interests of the public no doubt demand this change; but Collector White himself has forestalled any such defence, for we read in the editorial columns of his paper that "Hon. John F. McGraw turns over the office of United States Collector of Internal Revenue with a clean and honorable record. He has made a worthy official" (weekly *State Journal*, July 4). In the same issue, Mr. Coulter, Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, is commended for expressing the belief that "it is about time the men who did the horn-blowing during the last campaign should have something to show for their labor."

Perhaps we shall find out after a while just what is expected of the editors who have been given retainers by Mr. Harrison. They certainly have no idea that it is any part of their duty to their distinguished client to help him in giving the country an honest administration of the civil service. TRAVELLER.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., July 8.

EFFIGY MOUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number of May 23, department of "Notes," occurs the following passage: "It was known long ago that effigy mounds were

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found only in Wisconsin and the nearest vicinity, and that they were on that account probably erected by Dakota Indians, who inhabited that tract."

This statement is somewhat misleading in one or two respects. There are effigy mounds in Ohio also, which have been known to the archæological world nearly as long a time as those in Wisconsin, and are unmistakably of the class referred to, though they number only four, viz.: the Granville alligator, the Newark bird, the Brush Creek serpent (lately dedicated to the public), and the three-legged animal of the Scioto River, a few miles north of Portsmouth. To these may be added the *bear*, recently discovered on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, opposite Portsmouth.

I am afraid, too, that the territorial coincidence of the habitat of the Dakotas with the country of the effigy mounds is not so apparent. When first known to history, the Dakotas —as the "Sioux of the Lakes" and the "Sioux of the Prairies"—appear to have lived in and hunted over a stretch of country extending from the ridge dividing the waters of Lake Superior from those of the Saint Croix and upper Mississippi W. S. W. to and beyond the upper waters of the Minnesota River, while the region where the effigy mounds are the most numerous lies fully 300 miles to the southeastward. On the one hand, it may be said that the effigy mounds known to exist in the ancient country of the Dakotas can be counted on one's fingers, so scarce are they, while, on the other, history does not show the presence in force of the Sioux of old times in southern Wisconsin other than as invaders and enemies.

ALFRED J. HILL.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 3, 1889.

THE FALSE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a preliminary to the true pedigree of Washington which may be expected from Mr. Waters in the course of a few weeks, I desire to expose more fully an utterly false and absurd pedigree, published in 1879 by the late Albert Welles. The English portion was a most ridiculous performance in every point of view, and it is only fair to suppose that Mr. Welles was not in a sound state of mind when he adopted and published this statement. His unnamed English correspondent claimed to have derived his alleged facts from the Common Pleas Rolls, and adds: "The pedigree I now send I can establish by legal evidence."

The object of this pedigree was to show that several generations of Washingtons had been born at Warton, County Lancaster; that a Lawrence W. was born there in 1569, whose eldest son was Leonard W., born about 1595, the father of four sons and one daughter *baptized at Warton* in 1616, 1619, 1622, 1625, and 1627. The two younger sons were said to be Lawrence, baptized 1625, and John, baptized 1627, who were termed the emigrants to Virginia.

I will not waste time in refuting the innumerable blunders of the rest of the pedigree, but deal with the essential point here raised. Col. Chester printed a letter in the New York *World* of March 29, 1879, when he had seen the prospectus of Welles's book. He said:

"I at once recognized an old acquaintance, hawked about London some years ago, the original manuscript of which is in my own possession, and now lies on my table before me, where I keep it for the amusement of my friends. . . . I will simply select the crucial point of it, where it is stated that the two emigrant brothers, Lawrence and John Washington, were sons of Leonard Washington of Warton, and that they were respectively born and baptized in 1625 and 1627. The only possible source from which these two baptisms could be obtained is the parish register of Warton. I have examined the register personally and very carefully, and can declare that no such entries are to be found in it."

At this point I desire to introduce the evidence of the Rev. T. H. Pain, M.A., Vicar of Warton, given in a letter now before me, addressed to the editor of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, dated January 25, 1889. He writes:

"I beg to say that I have not been able to find any entry of the baptism of Leonard Washington, said to have been born in Warton about 1595. As to the baptisms of his children, I send the following extracts:

"Baptismata Anno Dom. 1616.
"Robertus, filius Leonardi Washington, baptiz. octavo die Septembris.
"Baptismat. 1619.
"Jane, daughter of Leonard Washington, bapd. 4th day of September.
"Bapt. Anno Dom. 1622.
"Francis, ye sonne of Leonard Washington of Warton, baptized ye 4th day of February.

"*I have not been able to find an entry of the baptism of Lawrence, said to have been baptized at Warton in 1625, or of John, said to have been baptized here in 1627.*"

In the light of these two statements, no one can doubt that the pedigree is a rank and stupid forgery, made by the simple method of fastening upon Leonard Washington two sons of whom he had no knowledge, and without a word of proof.

I had hoped that this ridiculous and transparent fraud had died out, but I see to-day for sale in this city copies of a pamphlet entitled 'The Washingtons and Their Connection with Warton,' by Henry Whitman. The pamphlet itself is below criticism, a mere rambling collection of useless notes, but evidently prompted by an enthusiastic desire to point out the English source of our American Washingtons. But Mr. Whitman quotes and uses throughout this spurious Welles pedigree, and reprints the outline of it, beginning with Bardulf, brother to Bodin in the time of William the Conqueror. So it seems that the proverbial life of a lie is again exemplified.

It seems to me that Col. Chester's statement of the genesis of this forgery may be amusing and instructive. He wrote under date of June 16, 1879:

"If you could see the original, which strangely fell in my hands, you would see how the whole thing was concocted. It was got up some years ago by this 'James Phillippe' for John Camden Hotten, who died before publishing it, and his successors had too much good sense to carry out his intentions. It is evident that the compiler, after working out an elaborate pedigree, much of which I know to be false, looked about for a safe place where to put the two emigrant brothers. He finally decided to make them sons of Leonard Washington of Warton. Afterwards, probably thinking that he might be detected, he crossed out this affiliation. But, finding no better place for them, he finally wrote (as an instruction to the printer), 'This is correct.'

"Of course you would not find any proofs of his statements. This distinguished 'genealogist' never furnishes any. If asked for his authority in any instance, he draws himself up to his full height (6 ft. 4) and says, '*I* am the authority'; and that is all any one can ever get out of him. . . .

"The 'Common Pleas Rolls' are as well known to every historical student and genealogist as the Herald's Visitations. Like all similar records, they are more or less valuable, but they rank no higher, if so high, as the 'Chancery Proceedings.' Unfortunately, they are very difficult to search, from being entirely unindexed, and it is this fact of which 'Phillippe' takes advantage. He may almost with impunity say that his authority for a particular statement is a Common Pleas roll, for unless he also gave you, which he never does, the precise year, term of court, number of roll, and number of membrane, it would be almost impossible to test his statement. I spent weeks over these rolls of the period. To say that they are not used by other genealogists is as ridiculous as to say that other genealogists do not look at wills or parish registers or any other common source of information."

Col. Chester proceeds to point out numerous specific errors, and adds:

"I have all the Washington entries of all the Registers in all the places named in the pedigree, and can say without hesitation that they can never have been consulted by the compiler. The whole affair is a mere catchpenny concern, and I am amazed at the impudence of men who can put forth such a concoction and then claim that every statement can be substantiated by legal evidence."

I hope that this indignant exposure of the fraud, from the pen of the most competent authority, will prove sufficient. A very few weeks will bring before us the very satisfactory results obtained by Mr. Waters, who seems to have had the good fortune to strike a clue which Col. Chester lacked. In the meantime, the reperusal of this letter of my valued friend reminds me that the great collections which he made respecting all the branches or families of Washington in England are still in the hands of his executor for sale. These documents should be obtained for some library here, because we want all the information obtainable about the race from which George Washington sprang. I hope the renewal of public attention to this subject will lead some wealthy patron of literature to purchase these collections, and to place them where they can be used by geneologists.

W. H. WHITMORE.

BOSTON, July 11, 1889.

THE REPUTED IGNORANCE AND AMBITION OF AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a book just published, 'Words About Wellington,' by Sir William Fraser, there occurs a noteworthy anecdote. Gen. Grant, when dining, at Apsley House, with that eminently respectable cipher, the late Duke of Wellington, is reported to have addressed his host in these words: "My Lord, I have heard it said that your father was a military man. Was that the case?" And this ridiculous tale will, no doubt, be unhesitatingly believed by thousands of Englishmen of the better sort. In fact, there is nothing to our discredit, individually or nationally, that our kinsmen over here, for the most part, are not ready to accept as indubitable fact. So it was, to my own knowledge, upwards of forty years ago; and, where it is in question to defame us, time has as yet wrought hardly any appreciable diminution of British credulity.

English youths, at the present day, are, indeed, even more convinced, if possible, than the generation before them, of our gross illiteracy. It is not long since a young man, with the air of a person certain that he was imparting novel information, was so good as to tell me, in tedious detail, who Chaucer was, when he lived, and what he wrote. Nor was he in the least abashed when, at the end of his lecture, I remarked that I had read every line of Chaucer years before he was born; whereupon he threw up his chin, shook his head, and looked a direct contradiction, just as I had anticipated that he would do.

My own experience has, probably, been that of nearly every American who has mixed much with the people of Great Britain. It is taken for granted, by them, of us all, and with a blind eye to any counter evidence, that we have but a single aim in life, or, at least, that everything is, with us, subservient to its realization. On one occasion, when tired by the persistent assumption, on the part of an Englishman, that I required to be instructed in the most elementary matters of history and literature,

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I was moved to ask him whether an American was supposed to know anything. "Yes," he replied, "how to make money, the only thing he cares for." So prevalent here is this estimate of us that the very man at the corner, unless markedly exceptional, will be found prepared to endorse it.—Your obedient servant, X. Y. Z.

LONDON, ENGLAND, June 23, 1889.

Notes.

TICKNOR & Co. announce a subscription reprint in one folio volume of the uncolored edition of Charles Wickes's 'Spires and Towers of Mediæval English Churches.' A certain number of these plates have adorned the *American Architect* during the past two years. The notes and criticisms of the original work will accompany the plates.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are now passing through the press 'The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe,' by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe. It will be an illustrated subscription book.

Mr. Spurgeon's new work, entitled 'The Salt Cellars,' being proverbs and quaint sayings, together with homely notes thereon, will soon be published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, by arrangement with both author and English publishers.

D. C. Heath & Co. publish directly Rice's 'Science Teaching in the Schools.'

The great Halifax Summer Carnival, which is to fill the week beginning August 5, is to be chronicled and graphically delineated in 'The Carnival *Echo*,' in which Halifax will be more fully illustrated than ever before.

Mr. Austin Dobson's translation, made in 1866, of Manuel's 'Captain Castagnette,' with illustrations by Doré, is to be reissued by subscription by Frank Murray, Derby and Nottingham, England. It will be a guinea book, of luxurious manufacture, lacking only the author's consent to the revival of a piece of hack work of his day of small things.

It appears from a letter addressed to the London *Times* by Thomas Hughes, that the omissions made in his school edition of 'Tom Brown' by Ginn & Co. were in deference to the temperance sentiment of this country, but not to Mr. Hughes's own view of the morality of his work or his readiness to have it "brought into accord with the morality of America," or to have his memoir prefixed, or to have any reprint at all. Having taken as much liberty as they did, we wish the publishers had gone further and abated the pugilism of the narrative, as we remarked last week.

There is much to commend in the 'Guide to the Study of Nineteenth Century Authors,' by Prof. Louise Manning Hodgkins (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)—so bound, by the way, that each author treated can be separated. The classification of writings, especially of poems, is serviceable. Some freakishness is shown, as in the borrowed note that "Dr. [O. W.] Holmes bears much the same relation to Boston that Dr. Johnson did to London," and in the original notes after this fashion: "Lowell is called The Songster of Elmwood, The Author of the American Hudibras, Our Ablest Critic, Our New Theocritus." Forgivable would have been citations of verse containing these allusions—if any such exist.

The same publishers add to their outline maps one of England, on a tolerably large scale, to be filled in by the historical student.

The prolific Dr. Sauveur has brought out a new book adapted for the use of schools, in which he endeavors to make Béranger's songs more easily understood and earlier appreciated ('Chansons de Béranger,' New York: W. R. Jenkins). To this end he has taken some of the very best of them, with a leaning to those of an historical nature, and accompanied each with a preface, either historical or critical, and a glossary of obscure words, idioms, and proper names. Many of these introductions are taken from Sainte-Beuve's critiques on Béranger's own writings. The author's own attempts to amplify in his notes Béranger's beautiful terseness of imagery, as in "Les Étoiles qui filent," occasionally seem to us superfluous. Not so, however, is the pains he has taken to exclude characteristic but unfit specimens of a free muse, though the shortened and expurgated "Roi d'Yvetot," with which his selections open, still harbors an innuendo as indelicate as it is humorous.

Other French texts on our table are two from the Hachette series (Boston: Carl Schoenhof), 'Récits d'histoire de France,' selected from Michelet by M. Seignebos; and 'Les Héroïnes de Harlem,' edited from Mme. de Witt by Paul E. E. Barbier. Both these clearly printed volumes are illustrated with cuts on which not much care has been bestowed, though they add something to the attractiveness of the text.

'Dramatic Idyls—Jocoseria' is the title of vol. xv. of Browning's edition of his own Poetical Works (Macmillan); and the end of the pretty series is not yet, we believe.

The first four parts of the 'Century Dictionary' make the first volume, ending with the formidable word *Conocephalitidæ*, which the binder reduces, in despair, to two syllables ("A to Cono"). The buff, richly stamped covers are as admirable in their way as the De Vinne typography, yet, being doomed to soil, seem to call for a protecting envelope, on which a white label might well bear in black letters the *full* words beginning and ending the volumes.

The "Camelot Series" (London: Walter Scott) has for its latest issue 'Letters Written by Lord Chesterfield to his Son,' selected by Charles Sayle, who furnishes a "prefatory note," biographical and critical. The same publisher adds to his "Canterbury Poets" Landor's Poems selected and edited by Ernest Radford; and finally, Cary's version of Dante's 'Purgatorio' reappears in "Bohn's Select Library" (Scribner & Welford).

A very unattractive book, called 'The Birth of the Republic,' and compiled by Daniel R. Goodloe (Belford, Clarke & Co.), brings together a great many documents exhibiting the growth of the Revolutionary sentiment and the formation of the Constitution. Mr. Goodloe has escaped the censure visited on the author who dispenses with an index, only to be blamed for omitting what is here even more important—a schematic table of contents. The portrait of himself does not atone for this neglect.

We have in hand the official city report on certain bronze tablets set up on June 17, 1889, in Winthrop Square, Charlestown, Mass., by the city of Boston (of which Charlestown is a part), commemorating by name the dead of Bunker Hill. This is the first attempt ever made to discover them all, and it is supposed to be so nearly exhaustive that a dozen additional names can scarcely be expected to turn up. The tablets would have been erected on the grounds of the monument if the Bunker Hill Association had been complacent. Their avowed objections were not of equal weight. Much stress was laid on the fact that the committee of the City Government having the matter in charge had recorded their own names along with those of the dead soldiers. We trust that the Irish origin of two of the committeemen had nothing to do with this ground of exclusion. It is not the first time in Boston that Irish-Americans have shown more zeal for the memory of Revolutionary heroism and the preservation of municipal antiquities than the descendants of the Puritans themselves. We observe that the Hon. John R. Murphy was the orator at the dedication of the tablets.

From the *Argosy* office, Demerara, has been issued a separate impression of a paper on "The Fight between the *Peacock* and the *Hornet* in 1813," by N. Darnell Davis, the well-known historical antiquarian and historical writer, and contributor to *Timehri*, the journal of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society. This account is written in a very pleasant vein, with equal respect for British and American valor. It ends with the story of the engagement in June between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, to the command of which Capt. Lawrence passed on leaving the *Hornet*. The second lieutenant of the *Shannon*, who took the vessel into Halifax, is still living, in his ninety-ninth year, being Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet in the Royal Navy.

Part iv. of the Atlantic Coast section of the 'United States Coast Pilot,' issued from the office of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, is certain to be in request, as it deals with Long Island Sound, its approaches and adjacent waters. The customary directions as to making port, channels, anchorage, pilots, beacons, lights, buoys, fog signals, etc., etc., are accompanied by profiles and charts. The volume is sold at one dollar.

The June Bulletin of the New York State Museum is a first report, by John C. Smock, on the iron-mines and iron-ore districts in this State. Notice is, for the sake of historical completeness, taken of mines no longer worked. As is shown on the map, by far the larger part of the mines lie parallel to the axis of the Hudson River and Champlain depression.

M. Couat, the rector of the Academy of Lille, has recently published 'Aristophane et l'ancienne Comédie attique' (Paris: Lecène & Oudin; New York: F. W. Christern), the first of two volumes devoted to the old comedy of Greece. The second is to consider the art and literary methods of Aristophanes, while the present volume is taken up with a discussion of the matter which the comic dramatist of Athens was at liberty to handle. M. Couat sketches with French clearness the origin of Attic comedy, and the conditions under which the comic dramatist could come before the people. Then he treats in succession the government, the social organization, the religion, the education, and the morals of contemporary Athens, stating distinctly what was the attitude of Aristophanes and his fellows towards each of these, and the reasons which led them to take it. M. Couat carries his learning easily and without pedantry.

It is enough to mention that a translation has been made of Frederick Delitzsch's 'Assyrian Grammar' by Prof. Archibald R. S. Kennedy of Aberdeen University (Berlin: H. Reuther; New York: B. Westermann & Co.). This standard work thus becomes accessible to many students who would otherwise have had to contend with the difficulties of German as well as of the cuneiform writing. The paradigms, the brief chrestomathy, the glossary and bibliography are incorporated directly from the German edition.

A plan is on foot to resuscitate the Oriental Translation Fund, an English Society which was actively employed from 1828 to 1879, or rather to start an O. T. Fund II., with an an-

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nual subscription of £1, or a life membership of £10. The return would be one or two volumes of Oriental works yearly. Communications should be addressed to F. F. Arbuthnot, 18 Park Lane, Piccadilly, London.

There are good translations of many English classics into Russian, but up to the present day there has existed no very satisfactory rendering of Byron, especially of 'Don Juan.' One recently published by P. A. Kozloff overcomes many of the serious difficulties in the way of accuracy. Some passages lose in sententiousness and force by the change of tongue, but the general, and even the particular, result is admirable.

Zaporozhye, the land of the Cossacks of the Dnieper, who furnished "Táras Bulbá" to the characters of literature, and who long served as a bulwark to Russia against Poles and Turks, has been used by Mr. D. I. Evarnitzky as the subject of a book which affords popular reading as well as interesting facts for history. The author has studied the Zaporozhye from popular traditions and ancient remains, and has illustrated his observations with fifty-five drawings and two maps. He made a tour among the localities in question, collecting songs, customs, and traditions of life and habits which will have vanished in another generation, and a knowledge of which is much needed by the regular historian in order to give his more serious studies an air of life and reality. He turned topographer, archæologist, and ethnographer for the occasion, and his book is a very conscientious account of his eight years of travel, into which enters only so much of the archives, songs, and literary materials as directly concerns the subject. The remainder of his material will be used in a history of the Zaporozhye, so important in the Middle Ages.

—The latest publication of the English Dialect Society is a reissue of the 1877 'Glossary of Words used in the Wapentakes of Manley and Corringham,' by Edward Peacock, revised and considerably enlarged, in two volumes (London: Trübner & Co.). The district in question, including the so-called Isle of Axholme, on the west bank of the Trent, forms the northwestern corner of Lincolnshire, was traversed by one of the old northern Roman roads (Ermine Street), and appears among the wapentakes in Domesday Book as Manelinde. Mr. Peacock's Glossary is very readable, being full of racy illustrations selected with an eye to the humorous, and affording many glimpses of society and morals. Here we meet with the obsolete *dog-whipper*, whose function, down to the memory of men still living, was to drive intruding dogs out of church, not without occasional remonstrance from the owner. In 1579, Rouland Bell of Branspeth "will not suffer his doge to be whipped out of the Church in time of devine service, but kepithe him uppe in his armes, and gevithe frowarde words." Likewise, at the beginning of the present century it was a common barbarous practice to sweep chimneys "by letting a cord down, and, having attached to it the legs of a goose, drawing the bird slowly up and down." Mr. Peacock cites from an English author a lady's remark on such a procedure—"How cruel to the poor goose!"—and the reply, "Why, madam, if you think my method cruel to the goose, a couple of ducks will do." A populace thus behind the age may well still lament "the *lost* days" which went with the introduction of New Style in 1752. "Many persons have not yet forgiven those who made the change, as it has thrown, say they, all the fairs in the country wrong." Some of their locutions are amusing by virtue of distortion, as, *dymonite* (for dynamite), of hybridism, as, *baccatotal* (abstainer from tobacco), or of pithiness, as, *all there* (meaning that a person is quite sane), *ninepence to the shilling* (meaning that he is a little lacking), *cypher up* (to take the measure of a person, to "size him up," in our vulgar phrase). To *land up* is said of the silting of a river. The phrase *from A to andparcy* shows a variant of ampersand ("and per se—and").

—The paper on the "Geography of the Caucasus," by V. Dingelstedt, in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for July, is a mine of information in regard to what is being done for the scientific survey of that region. About 40,000 square miles have been mapped by the surveying department, and extensive geological researches have been made by the mining department. The Physical Observatory at Tiflis, in connection with various stations, conducts meteorological observations, and the museum at the same place contains a rich collection of botanical and zoölogical specimens and of national types and costumes. The Archæological Commission has published ten large folio volumes containing an enormous amount of material bearing on the history and ethnology of the country. This work is supplemented by the Education Department, which "is publishing the highly valuable researches of Baron Uslar on Caucasian idioms, and collecting information regarding the domestic handicrafts and the manners of Caucasian indigenes." The Department of Domains investigates the condition of the peasant life on the state lands, as well as "the distribution and methods of cultivation of every kind of agricultural product," while an Agricultural Society studies the flora, though having for its practical aim the extension of useful economic plants. In addition to these should be mentioned the publications of the Caucasian Geographical Society, founded in 1851, now amounting to twenty-two volumes of memoirs and bulletins. Mr. James Stevenson replies with much effect to Prof. Batalha Reis's statement of the claims of Portugal to Nyassaland published in this magazine. He shows that while Portuguese explorers had at times passed through the country, the Government had never "exercised authority or held posts" in that part where the British have settled. In respect to the financial sacrifices which Portugal has made to maintain her possessions in East Africa, he recalls the fact that the territory held by the Portuguese on the Zambesi was almost denuded of its population, who were sold as slaves for the gold mines in Brazil, the Government receiving an export duty of $18 per head.

—Dr. Ewald Flügel, youngest son of Dr. Felix Flügel (known to so many American scientists as the German agent for the Smithsonian) is treading bravely in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather. Two years ago he published (Leipzig, Grunow) a monograph of nearly 300 pp. on the Ethics of Carlyle ('Thomas Carlyle's religiöse und sittliche Entwickelung und Weltanschauung'), a very helpful guide to a just understanding of the method that underlay much of Carlyle's seeming madness. This year he presents us with a still more scholarly work: 'Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella und Defence of Poesie, nach den ältesten Ausgaben, mit einer Einleitung über Sidney's Leben und Werke' (Halle: Niemeyer). This publication is a sign of the times. In connection with Alfred W. Pollard's recent edition of 'Astrophel and Stella' (referred to in the preface), and Grosart's edition, and Arber's reprint of the 'Defence,' it shows us that the great Elizabethan is coming fully into his rights. There can be little question that, outside the great group of poetic geniuses led by Spenser, Marlowe, and Shakspere, the most commanding figure is that of Sidney. His practice of poetry in the 'Sonnets,' his theory in the 'Defence,' call for the closest study. Although Marlowe and Shakspere won the battle against him in the drama, his every word still deserves to be read and pondered. Without him we shall fail to understand his age, or the so-called school, of Ben Jonson. Dr. Flügel's Introduction, treating of Sidney's life and personality, although based, of course, upon preceding biographies, has many features quite novel, taken from original letters and documents in the British Museum, at Hatfield Place, and in other English and Continental repositories. To the Hon. Mary Sidney of Penshurst he is indebted for the surprising discovery that the boy Sidney was actually collated, June 4, 1564, to the church of Whyteford, Wales. He was then in his tenth year! The relations of Sidney to Spenser and Harvey, Languet, Leicester, and the Queen are discussed at length, and the significance of each of his writings carefully estimated. The text of the 'Sonnets' and the 'Defence' embodies an exhaustive study and collation of editions and variants. As a matter of course the original spellings are scrupulously preserved. The presswork is a credit to the publisher. We have not the space for remarks upon details. We can only congratulate Dr. Flügel upon his achievement, and ourselves upon this valuable aid in a most fascinating study.

SCHOULER'S FOURTH VOLUME.

History of the United States of America, under the Constitution. By James Schouler. Vol. IV. (1831–1847). Washington: William H. Morrison. 1889.

In this fourth volume of his history, Mr. Schouler reviews American life, manners, and politics, for the period extending from the middle of Jackson's first Presidential term in 1831 to the middle of Polk's Administration in 1847. The narrative runs, therefore, through that most exciting epoch in our annals when the fungus growths lodged in the very joints and seams of our Federal structure began, in Biblical phrase, to "take root downward and bear fruit upward," in baleful forecast of the worse things that were to be done in the dry tree when such things were done in the green. As he enters the penumbra of the dim eclipse which came in 1861 to perplex our politicians with fear of change, the historian confesses to some misgivings, lest readers who have thought well of his former volumes may cease to confide in his judgment and discrimination, now that he endeavors, in matters still warm with the blood and passions of living men, to learn and to speak, without fear or faltering, "the whole truth as others have not learned it before." Candidly avowing that it is not in his nature to be impartial as between right and wrong, between honorable and dishonorable public conduct, Mr. Schouler leaves his reader in no doubt at all as to the moral and political weights he uses, or as to the scales in which he places them, while evidently seeking, as far as he can, to hold the balances with a firm and steady hand.

The interval here sketched in its salient features is typical and representative of all that was most distinctive in the political and constitutional history of the United States before the outbreak of the civil war. It was the period (to group together a few of its most characteristic marks) when great administrative

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measures of public policy concerning the tariff, internal improvements, the National Bank, the distribution of proceeds from the sales of the public lands, etc., became, in the eyes of the American masses, the articles of standing or falling parties in the State; when divergent political interests and dynastic ambitions, masquerading behind divergent theories of economics and constitutional law, lifted aloft the banner of nullification, and advanced it to the perilous edge of battle; when great party leaders like Jackson, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun could still speak with a voice which commanded the listening ears of all the people; when a vivid interest in public affairs (presenting the conjuncture which Cicero desiderated in the cause of eloquence) begot "the golden age of American oratory," and when, as Mr. Schouler phrases it, "the great wind-sails went round to the delight of all free-born Americans," as Webster, or Clay, or Wm. C. Preston, or S. S. Prentiss, or Wendell Phillips fanned the gales of political debate; when the intensification of this public interest produced a fierce political gladiatorship on the floor of Congress, as John Quincy Adams stood forth for the defence of the "right of petition," and as men like Robert Barnwell Rhett, George McDuffie, and Henry A. Wise showed themselves the swift Hotspurs of debate in defence of slavery and its political rights; when the moral deepening of this public interest found an organ in the flaming zeal of Garrison proclaiming a moral crusade against the abomination of desolation standing, where it ought not, in the very shrine of our national temple; when the elements of party-formation in the country were dissolved by the fervent heats of the time, and kept in a state of seething chaos; when the stately Federalism of our archaic period finally disappeared for ever from sight as the new Jackson Democracy rose to supersede the obsolescent forms of the Jeffersonian Republicanism, and as "the great Whig party" slowly welded itself together into a composite organization, amid such flying fragments as the so-called States'-Rights party, the Anti-Masonic party, the Conservative party, the Equal Rights party, the Locofoco party, the Liberty party, etc., etc.; when a baser sort of sordid and corrupt politics came to take without a blush the place of that patrician management which had swayed the dignified councils of the Essex Junto in the times of John Adams, or had ruled even in the schemings of the Virginian conclave in the days of Jefferson and Madison; when the Congressional caucus, with its abuses, gave place to the worse abuses of the irresponsible national convention, and when the latter, in one of its first essays, offered to the nation the spectacle of a "steam doctor" throwing the vote of the whole State of Tennessee in favor of Van Buren and his mate on the Democratic ticket; when Marcy formulated for the first time the practice of his party and the practice of his age into the neat and quotable dictum of predatory warfare, that "to the victors belong the spoils"; when the shrewd tactics of the Albany Regency, under the deft touch of its "Little Magician," paved the way, by a natural gradation, for the scullion service of "the Kitchen Cabinet" under Jackson, and for the barrack espionage of the "Corporal's Guard" under Tyler.

The whole country has been recently reminded, in a way not soon to be forgotten, that a marked decadence in the forms and in the inspirations of American politics may be said to date from the advent of "Jacksonian vulgarity" in the conduct of our public affairs. The successive stages of this facile descent are traced step by step in the pages of the volume before us, and that, too, with all due concessions made by the writer to the unfaltering courage, the quick sagacity, the administrative statecraft, and the sterling patriotism of the Democratic party chieftain who, more than any other ruler in our history, openly brought the discipline of the camp and the maxims of military strategy to the manœuvres of politics and the despatch of public affairs. "He [Jackson] left nothing in affairs for others to finish," says Mr. Schouler, "betrayed no sign of fear or timidity, shrank from no burden, however momentous, but marched to the muzzle of his purpose, and, like an old soldier, gained half the advantage in a fight by his bold despatch and vigor." But, on the other hand, we are reminded that "personalism came to tincture all politics, all politicians, under his arbitrary and exacting administration, while the painted Jezebel of party patronage seized upon all public trusts for her favorites." Even the fight with the Bank of the United States originated most likely, says Mr. Schouler, "in a personal offence," and was certainly made by Jackson a personal affair after the issue had once been openly joined with Nicholas Biddle.

The spirit of giddiness and revolt so widely shed upon the nation in the forms and phases of its politics during this momentous epoch was not confined to the sphere of politics alone. It was as part and parcel of a general stirring in the popular mind that the whole community was excited alike in the lowest beds of society and in the highest peaks of intellectual culture. Bloody riots shook the peace of our cities. Election riots, anti-negro riots, native-American riots, Irish riots, anti-Irish riots, anti-Catholic riots, and anti-abolition riots kept the public mind in a constant state of tension during the closing years of Jackson's reign. And in higher spheres of culture the old order was changing to make place for expanding schemes of thought and action. It was a time of dissolution and thaw. Woman came to the front for the first time as a social agitator and moral reformer. Tares were mixed with the good seed sown in the fresh-turned plough-fields. Robert Owen preached a new gospel of labor. Fanny Wright preached a new gospel of social order. Fourier had his little knot of free-thinkers and free-livers among us. Thomsonianism, the Graham diet cure, steam doctoration, and the therapeutics of homœopathy and hydropathy in general and in particular were pitted against orthodox medicine. Phrenology vaunted itself as a cheap and easy psychophysics, while peripatetic professors of this new mental science went around fumbling the bumps of the curious and the credulous at so much a head. Animal magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance had their charlatans and empirics, professing to burst the bounds of space and time and to unveil the mysteries of the future state. In religion and in philosophy, men and women of the amateurish sort in both, began, as Mr. Schouler expresses it, "to paddle about the infinite in their cock-boats, and to cast out their plummets in order to sound the bottom of things." Of this "Renaissance" period in New England the Transcendental Philosophy was the bright consummate flower in the domain of pure speculation, as the Brook Farm experiment was its choicest Utopia in the domain of practical life. If this most modern of Utopias "died the death of all genteel communities guided by quill-driving ploughmen," we can all none the less concur with Mr. Schouler in the gratulation that Hawthorne should have raised "such rich literary produce from his dung-fork studies"; and if Emerson, the seer of Concord, showed in his mannerisms some of the contortions of the transcendental sibyl, it is also very certain that he was imbued with a goodly portion of the sibyl's genuine inspiration as he went up and down the highways of New England, advising men everywhere to keep "things" out of the saddle and to hitch their wagons to a star.

It will be seen that the period here discussed by Mr. Schouler is a time of elemental stir. The chief interest of the average reader will naturally attach to the most portentous of these elemental agitations in the sphere of politics—the nullification controversy of 1832, the long and internecine struggle of Jackson with the United States Bank, the recrudescence of the slavery question as raised by Garrison to the higher level of a great moral issue, and finally the annexation of Texas, with its bloody sequel, the war against Mexico.

Confining our attention to two of these topics, the issue joined by Jackson with the Bank and the revival of the slavery agitation under its new front, we may say that the views of Mr. Schouler under both of these heads seem to us in the main to be well-weighed and just. Though his sympathies are evidently with the Whigs in the era of the Democratic crusade against "the monster" of Nicholas Biddle, his judgment often compels him to admit that the drift of wiser opinion and of sounder economy was not discerned by the Whig statesmen. Indeed, while concurring with him in this view, we think he sometimes does a little less than justice to the *apologia* that might be made for the Bank and for its directors when, in the latter stages of its career, he animadverts on its huckstering traffic with the Whig politicians as being like the conduct of "a maiden lost to shame." Mr. Schouler certainly knows that, in the earlier stages of the Bank's unsullied career, it was not the Whig politicians who made trial of its virtue, and that it was not until the Bank had set its face like a flint against the seductions of the Jacksonian Democracy, in the case of Jeremiah Mason and the Portsmouth branch, that Nicholas Biddle and his associates were driven to seek succor and shelter for the "maiden" in the camp of the Whigs. From this time forth the Bank was doomed to fight, not alone for its honor, but for its very existence; and no history of that life-and-death struggle can be called complete which ignores the compromising correspondence had by the Democratic fuglemen with Nicholas Biddle over the head of Jeremiah Mason, when he was appointed as President of the Portsmouth branch in 1829, and all this because he was known to be a friend of Webster's. After Mr. Schouler's intimation that Jackson's quarrel with the Bank most probably originated in a "personal offence," it would seem better to have said less if no more than this was to be said on the origin of the whole controversy. The importance of this controversy Mr. Schouler does not at all exaggerate when he says that for nine long years it irritated the passions of the people "more constantly and more deeply than has any other single national issue save one."

That the Bank meddled with politics, whether with or without compulsion, must be frankly admitted, but what shall be said of "the pet banks" which Jackson installed in its place? On their own motion, and with the full license of the Administration, they crowded around the Treasury troughs at Washington with loud clamors for a share of "the fiscal patronage," in the shape of Federal deposits, openly solicited on the ground that the suitors were "friends of the Administration and of the revered chief at the head of the Government." It was not

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long after the deposits had been removed from the Bank because it "meddled with politics" (on the wrong side), that we find the cashier of a "pet bank" writing to Reuben M. Whitney, the lobby agent of "the selected banks" near the Government, that a share in the public revenues was solicited for the express purpose of providing business "accommodations" which would enure to the political advantage of the Administration and to the propagation of "Democratic sentiments."

Mr. Schouler, of course, has not a word to say in defence of this "litter of lesser monsters" which Jackson put to suck at the breast of the Federal Treasury; and while not blaming Jackson for the veto of the Bank bill, he does blame the "meddlesome removal" of the deposits in advance of any better provision being made for the safeguarding of the public funds. Indeed, it not too much to say that, in those days of financial empiricism and wreck, the leaders of both parties were blind leaders of the blind, and hence it was but natural that the Government itself should at last have fallen into the ditch of bankruptcy under Van Buren. It is but just on the part of Mr. Schouler that, amid much derogation from Van Buren's public character in other respects, he gives to him the meed of highest statesmanship for the courage and sagacity with which he advocated and carried the Independent Treasury against the pressure of the best culture in the land, and against the dissuasives of expert opinion in finance, as "best culture" and "expert opinion in finance" were ordinated in that day. Speaking generally, the author concurs with the opinion of another, that the Democrats of that era had the better principles, but that the Whigs were the better men. The Democrats, he says, sided with persons and personal rights. The Whigs, on the other hand, "leaned to property, to great public and private undertakings involving money, and fostered by privilege and favoritism." Their party, therefore, soon became "the favorite of Northern polite circles, of scholars, professional men, the rich and prosperous tradesmen, bankers, of such as led good society or hung to its skirts, of capitalists, and of those who bask in the sunshine of capital, but most of all of manufacturers and merchants." It is easy to see that these principles of party formation are constant factors in our politics, and that they still survive, with certain modifications, in the political divisions of our own time.

In the matter of the new movement at the North in 1831 against slavery, Mr. Schouler makes no secret as to the drift of his sympathies. "Better this agitation," he says, "though it sent a two-edged sword, than the poisonous lethargy before it; better a quarter-century of sharp collision, followed by the desperate struggle for the mastery, than another century of corrupt growth and of bonded mis-alliance." Yet even here he puts his pen in poise that he may the more justly carry out his purpose to "interpret all men and all parties by the atmosphere of their times." In this sense he inclines in the same breath to applaud the bold denunciations of Garrison, and to find palliations for that long stupor of the public conscience under which the nation, sheltering itself behind the defences of the Constitution, had well-nigh lost its faith in the moral order of the world. He thinks it a matter of temperament to decide "whether one shall admire most the bold denunciator whose speech irritates thought into action; or the enlightened statesman who accomplishes for reform all that his age will admit, and respects the limitations of social ordinance; or the grim warrior who wins the fight." History, he says, should do justice to all. Yet he admits that "the one idea of Garrison" was abstractly right, and that it was because this idea ruled in his breast with the spirit of prophecy that the Northern conscience was awakened at length from its long sleep, and public opinion was eventually forced up to a higher plane of thought and aspiration.

The character sketches scattered by Mr. Schouler through the volume before us are drawn with a free and dashing hand. His portraiture of Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Tyler, and others does full justice to the strong points of each in respect alike of intellectual and of moral endowment. Conceding to Calhoun the highest praise for the austerity of his private virtues and the purity of his personal character, the writer indulges perhaps in a needless acerbity of phrase in order to point his antipathy to the political aims and objects of the "arch-nullifier," the "vampire dogmatizer," "the Catilinarian," "the high priest of slavery extension," etc. Thucydides, though a victim of the factions of Athens, could paint the portrait of even a Cleon without a single epithet. The portrait of Benton is drawn by Mr. Schouler with much tenderness, perhaps out of respect for the palinode of his later career, and therefore at the furthest possible remove from the charcoal sketch of him by John Minor Botts and Edward Bates.

The style of the volume is in the main animated and sententious. Indeed, Mr. Schouler's sentences are often crisp and sparkling, but sometimes the grammar is careless, as, for instance, when he writes that "the best practical wisdom of the day in trade and finance *were* at the service of the Whigs." Sometimes the rhythm minces a little in its gait, as when he writes "nothing, eventually, moulded, after all, the policy of Tyler so much as the wish to be reëlected." Sometimes we stumble on a solecism, as when he speaks about the difficulty of "coalescing" the old elements of the Opposition into the new Whig party. The historical perspective is sometimes at fault, as when he writes of Amos Kendall as "a good Baptist and a Bible-class teacher" in 1835. It was not until long afterwards that Kendall made a public profession of his Christian faith. The bloody tussle between Jackson and Benton in 1819 is called a "duel." That certainly is not the name by which Benton characterized it in the card he published at the time, reciting how Jackson had assaulted him with murderous weapons in his own private lodgings. The spelling of the proper names is often careless: Memmucan Hunt instead of Memucan; Gen. Jessup, instead of Jesup; the "Priggs case," instead of the Prigg case, Julian C. Verplanck, instead of Gulian, etc., etc. (This last-named error is carried even into the index, and is quite inexcusable in the case of a versatile scholar like Verplanck, who combined in his person the characters of historian, politician, theological professor, economist, and man of letters.) Reuben M. Whitney, that shady politician whom the Whigs never ceased to lampoon as the "pimp of the pet banks" and the "scullion of the kitchen cabinet," is always despoiled by Mr. Schouler of the middle letter in his name. The references, too, sometimes mislead because of misprints in the figures, as, for instance, on page 542, where reference is erroneously made to page 675 of Benton's 'Thirty Years' View,' instead of page 679. Even the index sometimes trips the reader, as when reference is made in it to page 152 of this volume, as containing some allusion to Benton, though his name does not occur on that page. We presume it should read page 157.

JUSTI'S VELASQUEZ.

Diego Velasquez and His Times. By Carl Justi, Professor at the University of Bonn. Translated by Prof. A. H. Keane, B.A., F.R.G.S., and revised by the author. London: H. Grevel & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

WEIGHT is the most pronounced characteristic of Prof. Justi's 'Velasquez.' It is not only weighty, it is heavy—very heavy. The mere physical weight of this bulky quarto volume of more than five hundred pages is formidable, but the intellectual heaviness of its contents is almost appalling. We are assured in the preface that "some historical and descriptive details not bearing directly on the argument have here and there been . . . omitted" in the translation, and one can only shudder at the thought of what the original must be like, for the volume before us seems to contain everything that human ingenuity can conceive of as even remotely connected with the subject. Of course it includes a great deal of valuable matter. Everything that is known of the life of Velasquez, and not a little that is guessed, is here, together with a critical and descriptive catalogue of all the known and unknown and most of the imputed works of the master; and all this, though unduly expanded, it is well to have; but all this, expanded as it is, would not half fill a volume of the size that Prof. Justi seems to have thought necessary to the dignity of his subject, and no art known to the makers of books is spared to fill up the remainder. We have biographies of every one whom Velasquez painted or may have painted, and of many whom, according to Prof. Justi, he did not paint, and of every man whom he met, or must have met, or may have met. We have long historical accounts of every city he visited and of every house he lived in. We have quotation and description and disquisition without end.

To give an idea of the way in which it is done, let us dissect the contents of the first book, which occupies fifty-five pages. First come, by way of introduction, six pages of general criticism on the master and his position in art. This is well enough executed, but every word of it is repeated—some of it more than once—later in the volume. Then come nine pages devoted to "The Galleries" and to a presentation of the sources for "Biographical Data." So far, one has little to complain of; but there follow five pages devoted to a history and description of Seville, where Velasquez was born, and four to the "Poets and Literary Circles" of that city, with which he had nothing to do. The remaining thirty-one pages of the first book are occupied with a history of Spanish art from the mediæval period to Velasquez's own time, with notices of individual artists from three to eight pages long. All that is essential to know of such of these artists as had even the slightest influence upon Velasquez, is afterwards given in its place in the story of his life, which begins with the second book.

Another and even more striking instance of the author's talent for expansion occurs in the fourth book. In this there is a section devoted to "Murillo in Madrid," which occupies about seven pages. It begins with an account of Murillo's youth and early struggles, and of his determination to go to Madrid; describes his personal appearance on his arrival; gives an account of his interviews with Velasquez, and details the advice that master must have given him; continues with a notice of the effect of this intercourse upon his later work, and concludes with a rhapsody upon his painting in

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general. The foundation for all this is, that it is now known that Murillo *did* go to Madrid, and that he *may* have met Velasquez there. The opportunity for digression was too good to be missed, and the result is, "One halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

But the heaviest thing in this heavy book is the utterly indescribable style, at once stilted and colloquial, never clear, and sometimes unintelligible, stuffed with misapplied technical terms and Germanisms, which makes reading a torture. We are told that the proof-sheets have been revised by the author, but the strange confusion in the use of art-words would lead one to believe that, while the translator knows nothing of art, the author knows nothing of English, and has accepted as a proper translation of technical phrases anything that occurred to the fancy of the former. Certain pet words, "anyhow," "jejune," "blends" (as a substantive), "saturated," are repeated with a "most damnable iteration," and one hears of "the Art" (with a capital A) until one is sick of it. Such a style must be seen to be appreciated, and we give a few specimens gathered here and there. The italics are ours:

"In any case this *feature* provided itself at the right moment with an *eye* as an organ exceptionally endowed for photographing visible phenomena." (P. 4.)

"Here the impression of an ordinary visit to a young mother is completed by the accurately depicted babe in swathing clothes, anyhow this time comfortably tucked in with his pretty but still quite stupid little head and lovely gold curls." (P. 83.)

"Owing to the diagonal *lie* of the axis." (P. 205.)

"*Feelings* of jealousy were too alien from his nature *not to be rejoiced* at the discovery." (P. 231.)

"The outlines receiving an appearance of quivering motion by *broad* brown strokes of the brush *as if stippled*." (P. 421.)

We will give one longer quotation, a passage of eloquence, and have done:

"But who has ever before more searchingly studied the action of the sun, which here before our eyes weaves pictures with its divers radiations? Here it seems at work with its magic spells, quivering on silken tissues, fondling a dazzling white neck, merging in coal-black Castilian locks, giving plastic distinctness to one object, throwing a hazy weft over another, dissolving the substantial in the imponderable, giving to flatness the roundness of life, transforming the real to an image, the image to a vision. Here we feel with the physicist that light is motion, and on every tongue hovers the exclamation, 'Symphony of colours!'" (P. 432.)

The critical judgments of the author are, in the main, sound. It is impossible to rate Velasquez too high as an artist, and Prof. Justi not only heartily admires him, but generally admires in the right place and for the right qualities. Through all his astonishing verbosity, and in spite of the blunders of his translator, it is still possible to get a right impression of the manner and the merits of the first of "painters." And yet the Professor is not entirely proof against the malady of admiration incident to biographers, and, not content to show us his hero as "le peintre le plus peintre qui fût jamais," he must make him out what he was not, an artist capable of the lofty treatment of classical and religious themes. He writes pages about the "conception" of Velasquez's two or three religious pictures; the fact being that Velasquez had no "conception" of these subjects whatever, and contented himself with wonderfully executed portraits of a few models in more or less decorous and befitting poses. His "Coronation of the Virgin" is, from the absence not only of any "religious sentiment," but of any feeling for the ideal, one of the most disagreeable pictures ever painted by a great artist. Harmony of composition, grandeur or beauty of line, nobility of type, are all wanting, and we only see a decrepit beggar, a ruffianly bandit, and a rather handsome woman seated on the clouds, and encumbered with drapery, and posturing in a dignified but altogether meaningless way. The same indifference to and incapacity for the classical in art is shown in his mythological pieces. In not one of them is there any glimpse of the great Italian feeling for composition. The age of grand art was past, and Velasquez was as helpless to restore it as any of his contemporaries.

Assuredly Velasquez had an idealizing power of his own, but it lay in his intense perception of truth and beauty of light. Here he was the innovator and the unapproachable master. He was the first to see and to paint light and air, the first painter of aspects, the great and true *impressionist*. In his greatest works, "The Maids of Honor" and "The Spinners," the figures seem merely incidents, while the true subject is the light that plays upon them, and the air in front of them and around them; and by the delicate *ordonnance* and balancing of these elements he produces a composition as truly ideal as the grand arrangements of line or splendid harmonies of color of the Florentines or Venetians. With the Dutchmen and with Velasquez modern painting begins, but Velasquez is more essentially modern than the Dutchmen. The powerful chiaroscuro of Rembrandt would have seemed exaggerated to him, and Terburg's detailed insistence upon tangible fact would have seemed petty. He was the great discoverer of *values;* and to him the just amount of light upon an object and the exact quantity of air between it and the spectator—its *appearance* at a given distance and under a given effect—this was the one thing about it worth painting, and this he painted as perhaps no man has done since.

Great innovator as he was, however, he still left something for his successors to discover, and when Prof. Justi would have us believe that Velasquez, three hundred years ago, was a modern *plein-airist*, he goes too far. He severely reprimands a "recent bungler" by whom "our master's landscapes are likened to hanging draperies"; and yet the "recent bungler" is quite right and Prof. Justi is quite wrong, and the fact that these landscapes "are recalled at every step by all travellers in the Castalian highlands" has no bearing on the question. Be the landscape as truthful as it may, in itself, if the relation between it and the figure be *not* truthful, it will look like an admirable landscape-painting *hung up* behind the figure, and it is just so that it looks in the portraits of Velasquez. The just relation of a figure in the open air to the surrounding landscape was, so far as we know, never painted until our own day.

The tendency to praise, occasionally, in the wrong place is shown again when the rocking-horse action of Velasquez's horses is spoken of as "just"; and the passion of all literary critics of painting for finding more in a picture than the artist ever put there crops out amusingly in such a passage (and there are too many such) as the following, from a description of the portrait of Juan de Pareja: "A certain sly air seems to betray the secret, *of which his master is still unaware*, that 'I also am a painter.'"

After all our fault-finding, let us say again that the critical part of the work, while always wordy and sometimes overstrained, is generally sound, and that the historical part seems thorough and accurate. An intrepid reader who is not afraid of wading will find fish for his net therein. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent, the illustrations are better than was to be expected, and the exceptionally full index will render it useful as a book of reference.

LEIDY'S ANATOMY.

An Elementary Treatise on Human Anatomy. Second edition, rewritten, with four hundred and ninety-five illustrations. By Joseph Leidy, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Human and Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy in the University of Pennsylvania, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889. Pp. 950.

THE first edition of this work appeared twenty-eight years ago, and then formed the only original American compendium of human anatomy. In the interval, besides several editions of English works, there have been published in this country an extensive treatise by Harrison Allen, and smaller ones by Weisse, and Darling and Ranney, to which may properly be added the anthropotomical articles by Frank Baker and others in the 'Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences.' The progress of anatomy during the last quarter of a century has been partly through the discovery of new parts or features visible to the naked eye, but more markedly in the determination and interpretation of microscopical structures, the tracing of developmental changes, the recognition of the resemblances between man and animals in the light of evolution, and the simplification of the terminology. This last forms the distinctive feature of the present volume. Most of the modifications are announced in the following extract from the preface:

"As a rule, one name for an organ or part is used, and that one selected which is simplest and most expressive of its character. The name also, so far as may be permitted, is rendered into English. Many phrases in common use as names have been curtailed of what have appeared unnecessary portions, and sometimes the adjective portion of the phrase has been retained, in preference to the substantive portion, where, for various reasons, it has seemed more appropriate. Where names of persons are applied to parts, they are generally avoided. . . . Some further attempts have been made to improve the nomenclature, and it is hoped that the experiment may prove successful in helping the student in acquiring a knowledge of the subject. While the author regards with favor the proposed improvement in anatomical nomenclature of able authorities, he has not followed them completely, in apprehension that, with the prevalent nomenclature, a radical change would confuse rather than facilitate the study of anatomy."

Stated in technical linguistic terms, in this treatise pœcilonymy is avoided; *e. g.*, instead of *tænia hippocampi* in one place, *corpus fimbriatum* in another, and *fimbria* in a third, the last is consistently employed and the others given as synonyms. In the choice between names, etymological accuracy is subordinated to availability; *e. g.*, *vagus* is preferred to *pneumogastric*, and *flocculus* to *lobus nervi pneumogastrici*. The Latin words are commonly paronymized rather than translated into inelegant or misleading heteronyms; *e. g.*, *pedunculus* is Anglicised as *peduncle*, not *footlet; vermis* is adopted unchanged as an English word, instead of being rendered into *worm*. Certain ponderous phrases are discarded—*e. g.*, *iter e tertio ad quartum ventriculum*—and others are reduced to mononyms; *e. g.*, *crus cerebri* to *crus*, *brachialis anticus* to *brachialis*. When the adjective element of a polyonym is more distinctive than the noun, the latter is dropped and the former used substantively and inflected; *e. g.*, *corpus callosum* becomes *callosum*, adj. *callosal; dura, pia, striatum*, and *oblongata* are other examples. Epo-

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nyms are regarded as undesirable; the following are discarded: *foramen of Winslow* for *omental foramen; sinus of Valsalva* for *valvular sinus; fissure of Rolando* for *central fissure;* the following are reduced from dionyms by the omission of the personal genitives here parenthesized: *pons* (*Varolii*), *aquæductus* (*Sylvii*), *torcular* (*Herophili*), *antrum* (*Highmorianum*). Since, indeed, the brain contains but one pons and one aqueduct, there is no more need of specifying their real or supposed discoverers or describers than there is of saying the "stomach of Jones" or the "liver of Robinson," supposing those parts to have been discovered or described by individuals so called. Other commendable terms are *hippocampus* for *hippocampus major* and *cornu Ammonis; calcar* for *hippocampus minor; crusta* for *pes* (or *basis*) *pedunculi.* Notwithstanding some less happily chosen terms (*e. g.*, "hippocampal hook" for *uncus*, "central lobe" for *insula*, "suprarenal capsule" for *adrenal*), and the non-adoption of Owen's *ectocarotid* and *entocarotid*, *precava* and *postcava*, and some others that could scarcely be misunderstood—and, indeed, have exact precedents in the author's "ectoretina," "mesoretina," "entoretina," and "preretina"—it will be seen that an anatomist, distinguished alike as an investigator and a teacher, at a period of life when any change in the "tools of thought" is unacceptable, has taken a decided stand in favor of nomenclatural reforms which, in various degrees, have been advocated during the present century by Barclay, Owen, and Pye-Smith in Great Britain, and in this country by Coues, Gage, Spitzka, and Wilder.

Respecting the concluding part of the extract from the preface, it may be well to add that no really "radical changes" are advocated by living anatomists. The proposition, independently made by investigators and teachers in New Zealand and the United States, that *ventricle* should be replaced by *cœle* as a designation of the brain cavities, is strictly a rehabilitation of the Greek κοιλία (meaning any cavity, especially of the brain or heart) for the sake of obtaining a series of single-word, inflected terms (*mesocœle*, etc.) correlated with the commonly accepted names of the encephalic segments (*mesencephalon*, etc.); and, while the change accords with the principles advocated by Dr. Leidy, and with his practice in some respects, its acceptance in no way involves the general scheme of terminological reform.

It will be observed that the preface refers only to the names of organs (organonyms) and not to terms of description (toponyms); nor is there any evidence that the author has undertaken to leave the beaten track of descriptive anthropotomy in this respect; indeed, the designation of Figs. 371 and 372, representing sections of the oblongata at a right angle with its axis, as "horizontal sections," furnishes a good example of the general rule that from the chance of being misled by the current descriptive terms of human anatomy, only those are quite secure who do not need to be informed. The designation, however, of the vertebræ between the neck and the loins as *thoracic* rather than *dorsal* (p. 59) is a distinct admission of the force of the latter term, and warrants the expectation that in another edition the descriptive terms may apply not to the upright human body alone, but to any vertebrate in any possible attitude.

As to the general arrangement of the text, two features are to be noted, and the former at least commended; viz., the consideration of the joints in connection with the bones of each region, and the placing of the nervous system and organs of sense at the close of the volume. The author's eminence as a comparative anatomist adds significance to his resistance of the natural temptation to introduce into a work especially designed for medical students details or generalizations respecting animal structures; but the recent discoveries and hypotheses respecting the conarium (pineal body) might well have been mentioned. In the account of the peculiar muscular tissue of the heart there is no mention of the nuclei, and Fig. 132 shows neither the nuclei nor the cellular demarcations so clearly represented by Gage in the fifth volume of the 'Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences,' published now two years ago. The description of the embryonic brain, though undesirably brief, clearly states the definitive composition of the organ by five segments—prosencephalon, thalamencephalon (or diencephalon), mesencephalon, epencephalon (including cerebellum, pons (with the corresponding part of the oblongata), and metencephalon. Had this been placed before instead of after the descriptive anatomy of the organ, the latter would perhaps have been presented segmentally; as it is, under the caption "cerebrum" are considered not only the "hemispheres," but also the thalami, gemina, and crura, constituting two other segments. A figure of the embryonic or ideal brain would have facilitated recognition of the segmental constitution of the organ.

The generalization (p. 714) respecting that ever-interesting topic, brain and mind, requires some such qualifications as are here interpolated within brackets:

"All other conditions being equal, the brain is observed [commonly] also to hold a relation in size to the degree of mental development; hence the more civilized races and the more cultivated and intelligent people are [usually, and upon the average] distinguished by a larger and heavier brain, while the opposite condition exists in the barbarous races and the least cultivated persons."

The footnote on p. 714 implies that in no mammal is the brain relatively larger than in man, whereas, as stated by Owen, in the little marmoset monkey the ratio is as one to twenty, nearly twice that of man.

Dr. Leidy refrains from any discrimination between the cerebral depressions as *fissures* and *sulci*, employing the former name for all. It is to be wished that, following the examples of two recent successive Presidents of the American Neurological Association, the intervening elevations had been called *gyres* rather than *convolutions.* The latter word, indeed, seems to be as much out of place in this work—characterized for the most part by short terms—as would be *conflagration* in the author's description of a fire. Moreover, the designation of the association-fibres by the new term, "gyral fascicles," would lead one to expect the employment of the corresponding substantive.

Figures 379 and 380 represent, respectively, the lateral aspect of a white and negro cerebrum, and are intended to illustrate the fissures. The fissural lines are doubtless accurate as to location, extent, and connection, but there is an unusual and perplexing degree of "confluence," and the main fissures are not enough heavier than the others to be readily recognized. The two brains might well be figured and described in detail as quite peculiar, but, so far as the student is concerned, simpler brains or mere diagrams would have been more useful, especially if accompanied by a few figures of fœtal specimens. The insula ("central lobe") is inadequately shown; the paracentral lobule is not even mentioned. Among the clearest and most instructive figures are 388, 389, and 391, all exhibiting the "internal capsule"; but on neither of them is this very important fibrous tract designated.

The lack of distinct indication of the circumscription of the encephalic cavities by a line representing the lining membrane is so nearly universal a defect in anatomical treatises that we note it in this case merely for the sake of adding that, in our opinion, no adequate morphological conception of the brain is possible in the absence of clear demarcation between the ental (cœlian or ventricular) surfaces and those which are ectal or pial. Nor is the text clear upon this matter; the velum ("choroid tela") is said to "extend into the third ventricle"; the central canal of the cord is described as "opening at its lower end into the posterior median fissure," and the thalamus is said to "project from the hemisphere into the lateral ventricle." Nor is the effect of these ambiguities likely to be altogether counteracted by the explicit statement (p. 769) as to the continuity of the endyma over the telæ and plexuses, and the closure of the third and lateral ventricles at their sides.

Of the five hundred illustrations, two hundred are original; of the others, many are from Wilson, others from Sappey, Kölliker, and recent authors; most of them are large enough and well executed. The several parts are designated by numbers, and the descriptions are confined mainly to the names; in some cases the student's recognition of features would be facilitated by additional comment.

The metric system is ignored, and there are no references to other manuals or to monographs. The index contains all the preferred names and most of the synonyms; the two groups of terms might have been distinguished advantageously by some typographical difference, as in Henle's work. Instead of burdening the text and confusing the reader by interpolating synonyms these are placed at the bottom of the page, as in the treatises of Henle and Schwalbe.

In conclusion, while the large and well-established text-books of Gray and Quain may not be generally discarded in favor of this, there can be no question as to the usefulness of the present volume to the numerous students at the University of Pennsylvania. The good effects of the author's courageous and comprehensive departure from the prevailing nomenclature will never cease to be felt.

French Traits: An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

FRENCH morals and manners, the frivolity and inconstancy of the Parisians, the corrupt condition of society—as pictured in French novels—are favorite themes upon which English and American writers, who perchance have spent a fortnight or a week in the French capital, love to descant with virtuous indignation and a complacent sense of superiority. True, we have now and then a clever little pen-and-ink sketch of French life—Miss Thackeray's pleasant short stories, for instance—which leaves a different and refreshing impression on the reader; but it cannot be denied that even the political events occurring from day to day in our sister Republic are seen with prejudiced eyes by the majority of our writers, from the unknown author of a newspaper paragraph to that of a more pretentious magazine article or book of travels.

Very different is it with the book before us. It is the work not only of an acute observer and critic, but of one philosophically bent, who, not satisfied with looking at the surface of things French, probes their very depth, ever seeking the cause hidden behind the effect.

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"The Social Instinct"—the first of the nine headings under which Mr. Brownell particularizes the French traits—is made, by ingenious and sometimes paradoxical reasoning, to explain the virtues, attenuate the faults, and justify the idiosyncrasies of the French people. "There is one instinct of human nature," says Mr. Brownell, "one aspiration of the mind, which France has incarnated with unbroken continuity from the first: since there was a France at all, France has embodied the social instinct." He proceeds to show the development of this instinct under influences that have made it the basis of the national character, so much so that

"French history is the history of this instinct. . . . What one notes in the individual is, more than anywhere else, apt to be a national trait. There is, of course, differentiation enough, but it begins further along than with us, and is structural rather than fortuitous. They vary by types rather than by units. The class only is specialized. Their homogeneousness is not uniformity, but it is divided rather in the details than in the grand construction. . . . They are infinitely civilized. Individuals are of less import than the relations between them; hence manners and art. Character counts less than capacity; hence the worship of intelligence."

Treating that delicate question "Morality," Mr. Brownell's preliminary argument is as follows:

"Morality is indeed a fundamental matter, and French morality differs fundamentally from our own. But this is only all the more reason for replacing censoriousness by candor in any consideration of it. And the first admission which candor compels us to make is the unfairness of estimating the French moral fibre by what ours would be if subjected to the same standards and influenced by the same circumstances. Yet this is an error that we make continually. Consciously or unconsciously, we conceive our manners and character as a constant quantity, and reflect on the fate which indisputably would overtake our morals if we should adopt French ethics. . . . French morality is a direct derivative of the social instinct. Owing to the development of this instinct among them, morality is rather a social than an individual force, and the key to its nature is to be found in the substitution of honor for duty as a mainspring of action and a regulator of conduct. The distinction is a very plain, a very real one."

To give a correct idea of Mr. Brownell's book would necessitate copious quotations, more than the limits of a notice will permit. Suffice it to say that "Intelligence," "Sense and Sentiment," "Manners," "Women," "The Art Instinct," "The Provincial Spirit," and "Democracy" are treated in a like masterly way. True sympathy with and admiration for the French are discernible throughout the volume, yet they never degenerate into fulsome adulation, nor are the sincerity and fairness of the writer less evident. A Frenchman might not admit the defects nor claim all the qualities with which Mr. Brownell endows him. He might insist that he possesses the "poetry of art" denied him, and would grow very indignant at the expressed opinion that Victor Hugo was a greater prose-writer than poet. But how well his conception of *la gloire* is defined, and how proud he would be at the deserved compliment paid to his patriotism, to his readiness to die for *la patrie*, or for an idea that he believes just.

The chapter on "Democracy" is one which he who wishes to form a correct idea of the French Republic, of the state of parties there and their possible influence on the destinies of their country, should read carefully. We are apt to form our opinion upon facts obtained from English sources, and, as Mr. Brownell puts it, "much of the same views and gossip about the French Republic are to be found in the *Figaro* or the *Gaulois*, and in the English and American papers; but the latter only impose upon their readers." After reading Mr. Brownell's 'French Traits,' one will be very apt to lose some of the prejudices and preconceived opinions he has hitherto entertained. He will, moreover, find this book very pleasant reading; while suggestive of much thought, it is bright, discursive, full of fresh ideas, and gives evidence not only of the author's thorough knowledge of his subject, but of his familiarity with the literature and art of the three countries compared—England, France, and the United States.

The closing chapter, "New York after Paris," contains some wholesome criticism, which should be taken in good part. Mr. Brownell says in conclusion: "Life in America has for every one, in proportion to his seriousness, the zest that accompanies the 'advance on Chaos and the Dark.' Meantime, one's last word about the America emphasized by contrast with the organic and *solidaire* society of France is that, for insuring order and efficiency to the lines of this advance, it would be difficult to conceive too gravely the utility of observing attentively the work in the modern world of the only other great nation that follows the democratic standard, and is perennially prepared to make sacrifices for ideas."

"It sometimes happens that a chivalrous suitor entices his sweetheart to climb from the balcony window, in the pale light of the moon, beneath the tender influences of the stars, and accompanies her stealthily, through foliage and shrubbery, or over fields and fragrant gardens, or along silent streets or highways, to the chosen rendezvous where the secret ceremony is to be performed."

Perhaps the most charitable criticism of this sort of writing is that it seems to be liked by the class of persons who stand in need of the warnings contained in this book. But there is much better stuff in it than this. The objections to a national law of marriage and divorce established by constitutional amendment, and the advantages of the alternative plan, are especially well presented.

The Geography of Marriage; or, Legal Perplexities of Wedlock in the United States. By William L. Snyder. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

THIS book is to be welcomed as a substantial aid to the comprehension of a difficult and important subject. It contains a condensed statement of the law affecting marriage in the several States, giving the requirements as to form of celebration, the regulations concerning infants, forbidden marriages, bigamy, divorce, etc. This statement occupies nearly 150 pages, and is of very obvious value. It is quite sufficient to justify a favorable verdict upon the book, which we should not be disposed to find if we had only the remaining pages before us. Doubtless Mr. Snyder was animated with a laudable desire to popularize his subject when he composed this portion of his work, but we question the wisdom of his methods. His chapters are headed with poetical quotations, and that upon "Clandestine Marriages and Runaway Matches" opens as follows:

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Rev. L. Signs of Promise: Sermons in Plymouth Pulpit, 1887-9. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Alexander, Mrs. A Crooked Path. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Allen, W. B. Cloud and Cliff; or, Summer Days at the White Mountains. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
American Coin: A Novel. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
Badlam, Anna B. The Primer. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bickford, L. H. A Hopeless Case: An Unpretentious Narrative. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 30 cents.
Boone, Prof. R. G. Education in the United States. Its History from the Earliest Settlements. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Braddon, Miss. The Day Will Come: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
Browning, R. Poetical Works. Vol. XV. Dramatic Idyls. Jocoseria. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Carey, Rosa N. The Search for Basil Lyndhurst. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Cary, Rev. H. F. Dante's Purgatorio. Scribner & Welford. 60 cents.
Clip Her Wing, or Let Her Soar. G. W. Dillingham.
Conn, R. R. The Human Moral Problem. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents.
Cooper, S. W. Three Days: A Midsummer Love-Story. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Croll, J. Stellar Evolution, and its Relation to Geological Time. D. Appleton & Co.
Delitzsch, F. Assyrian Grammar. Translated by Prof. A. R. S. Kennedy. Berlin: H. Reuther; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Dixey, W. The Trade of Authorship. 89 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author.
Dod, S. B. Stubble or Wheat? A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 25 cents.
Dods, Rev. M. The First Epistle to the Corinthians. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Dolaro, Selina. The Vengeance of Maurice Denalguez. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Doriot, Sophie. The Beginners' Book in German. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Farjeon, B. L. Three Times Tried, and Other Stories. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Faulhaber, Prof. O. One-Year Course in German. 2d ed. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Fraser, Sir W. Words on Wellington: The Duke—Waterloo—The Ball. London: J. C. Nimmo.
Gibbon, C., etc. Paying the Penalty, and Other Stories. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Goodloe, D. R. The Birth of the Republic. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Haggard, H. R. Cleopatra. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Hale, Lucretia P., and Whitman, Mrs. Bernard. Sunday-School Stories for Little Children. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Hall, V. G. Lawn Tennis in America. D. W. Granbery & Co. 25 cents.
Hannan, C. A Swallow's Wing: A Tale of Pekin. Cassell & Co.
Haygood, Rev. A. G. The Man of Galilee. Hunt & Eaton. 80 cents.
Herndon, W. H., and Welk, J. Life of Abraham Lincoln. Belford, Clarke & Co. 3 vols. $4.50.
Hodgkins, Prof. Louise M. Guide to the Study of Nineteenth Century Authors. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hughes, T. Tom Brown at Rugby. Edited by Clara Weaver Robinson. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Japp, A. H. Days with Industrials. London: Trübner & Co.
Jones, R. M. Eli and Sibyl Jones: Their Life and Work. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $1.50.
Landon, W. S. Poems, selected and edited by Ernest Radford. London: Walter Scott.
Letters Written by Lord Chesterfield to his Son. Selected by Charles Sayle. London: Walter Scott.
Lightfoot, Rev. J. B. Essays on the Work entitled Supernatural Religion. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.
Lodge, H. C. George Washington. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
McKeen, Phebe F. Theodora: A Home Story. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 50 cents.
Miss Marlowe: A Story of Society. Philadelphia.

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